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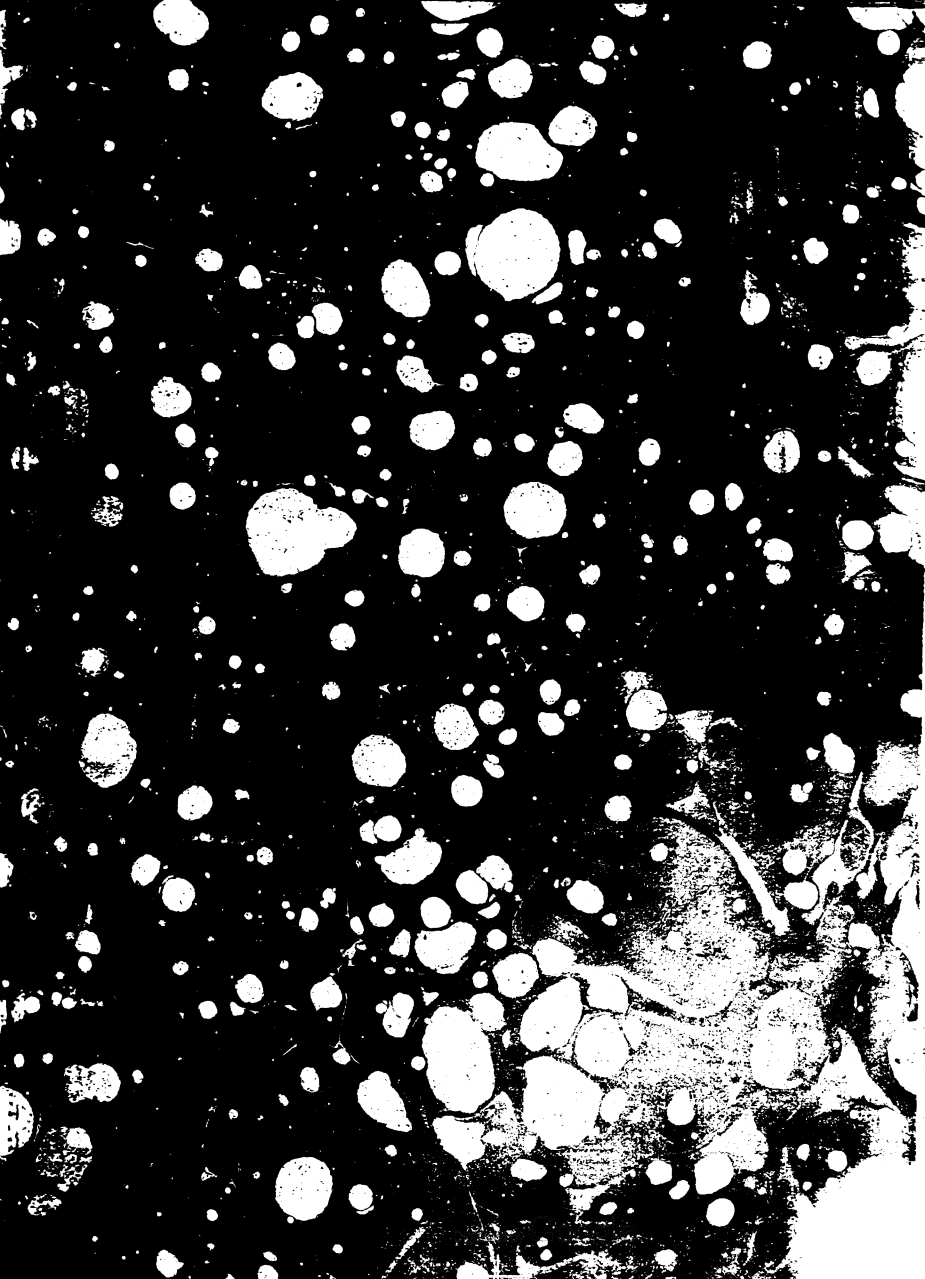
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William Horatio Crawford.
LAKELANDS.
CORK.



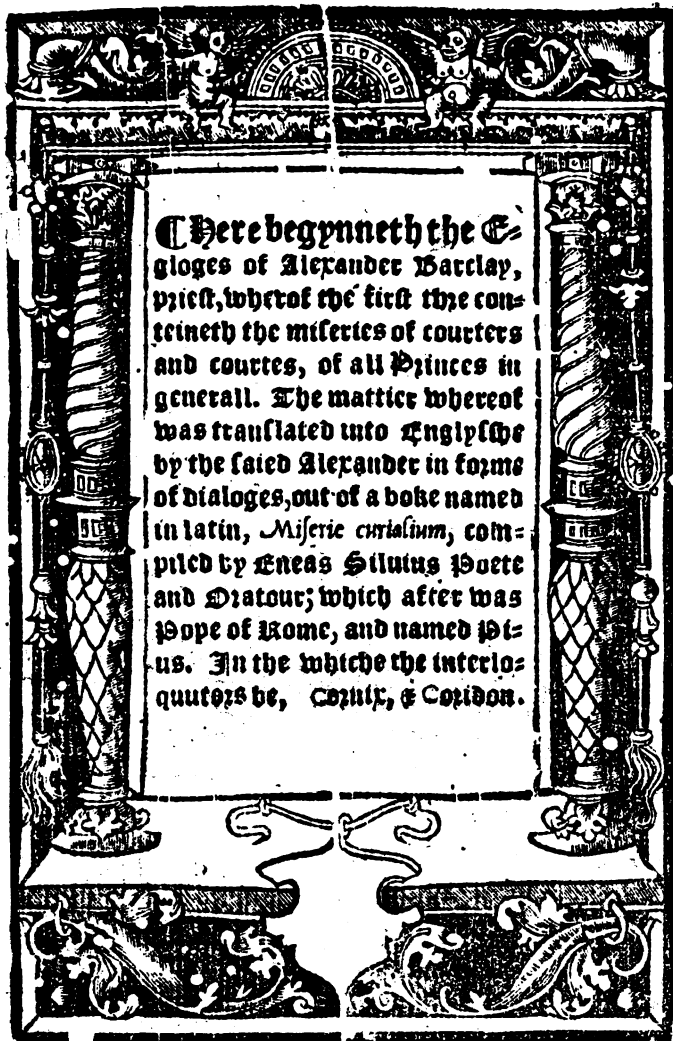
Eng Lit-

Alex. Barclay
The Egloges.

14

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Page 11 Page
11



There begynneth the E
gloges of Alexander Barclay,
priest, wherof the first the con
teineth the miseries of courtiers
and courtes, of all Princes in
generall. The matter whereof
was translated into Englyshe
by the saied Alexander in forme
of dialoges, out of a boke named
in latin, *Miserie curialium*, com
piled by Eneas Silvius Poete
and Oratour; which after was
Pope of Rome, and named Pi
us. In the whiche the interlo
quutors be, Cornix, & Coridon.

1. The first of these is the
fact that the Government
has not yet decided whether
it will accept the offer of
the United States to purchase
the surplus of all kinds of
agricultural products which
the United States has offered
to sell at a low price.
2. The second is the fact
that the Government has not
yet decided whether it will
accept the offer of the United
States to purchase the surplus
of all kinds of agricultural
products which the United
States has offered to sell
at a low price.

The famous Poetes, with the Muses nyne,
 With wytt inspired, fresh, pregnant & diuine.
 Say boldly, indite, in style substanciall:
 Some in poemes, hye and heroicall.
 Some them deliteth, in heuy Tragedies:
 And some, in wanton or mery Comedies.
 Some, in Satiers, agayne vices dare carpe:
 Some, in sweete songes, accordant with the harpe,
 And eche of these all, had laude and excellence:
 After their reason, and style of eloquence.
 Who, in fayre speache, coulde bryefely comprehend:
 Most fruitfull matter, men dyd him most comende.
 And who were fruitlesse, and in speache superflue:
 Men by their wytyng, scantly set a que.
 Therfore, wyle Poetes, to sharpe & proue their wytt:
 In homely leastes, wrote many a mery sytt.
 Before they durst be, of audacitie:
 To venture thynges, of weyght and grauitie.
 In this same maner, the famous Teocrite:
 first, in Siracuse, attempted for to wytte.
 Certayne Eglogues, or speeches Pastoral:
 Inducyng Shepherdes, men, homely and rurall.
 Which in playne language, accordyng to their name:
 Had sondry talkyng, some in myrrh and game.
 Sometyme, of thynges, more lyke to grauitie:
 And not excedyng, their small capacite.
 Most noble Virgill, after him, long whyle,
 Wrote also Egloges, after lyke maner style.
 His wytt es prouyng, in matters Pastoral:
 O he durst ventre, to style Heroicall.
 And in lyke maner now, lately in our dayes:
 Hathe other Poetes, attempted the same wayes.
 As the most famous, Baptist Mantuan:

The best of that sorte, synce Doctes first began,
 And frances Petrарke, also in Italy,
 In lyke maner style, wrote playne and merily.
 What shall I speake, of the father auncient:
 Which in breife langage, both playne & eloquent:
 Betwene Alatheia, Seustis, stout and bolde:
 Hath made reherfall, of all the stozies olde.
 By true histories, vs teachyng to adiect:
 Agaynst bayne fables, of olde Gentyles sect.
 Besyde all these, yet fynde I many mo:
 Which hath employed, their diligence also.
 Betwene Shepheardes, as it were but a fable:
 To write of matters, bothe true and profitable.
 But all their names, I purpose not to write,
 Which in this maner, made bookes infinite.
 Now to my purpose, their woakes worthy fame:
 Dyd my yong age, my herte greatly inflame.
 Dull slouth to eschew, my selfe to excercise:
 In suche small matters. or I durst enterpryse.
 To hyper matter, lyke as these chyldzen do:
 Whiche first ble to cripe, and afterwarde to go.
 The byrde vnused, first flyng from her nest:
 Dare not aduenture, and is not bolde nor prest:
 With wynges a brode, to flye as dothe the olde:
 For vse and custome, causeth all thynges be bolde.
 And lytell connyng, by crafte and excercise:
 To perfect science, causeth a man to rype.
 But ear the Daynter, can sure his crafte attayne,
 Much frowarde facion, transfor meth he in vayne.
 But rasynng superflue, and addyng, that dothe he want:
 Rude pictures is made, both perfect and pleasant.
 So, where I in youth, a certain warke began:
 And not concluded, as ofte doth many a man.

Yet thought I after, to make the same parlyte:
 But long I mysted, that which I first dyd wyte.
 But heare a wonder, I .xl. yere saue twayne,
 Proceedyng in age, founde my first yauth agayne.
 To fynde youth in age, is a problem e diffuse:
 But now heare the truthe, & then no longer muse.
 As I late tourned, olde bookes to and fro:
 One lytle treatyse, I founde among the mo.
 Bicause that in youth, I dyd compile the same:
 Egloges of youth, I called it by name.
 And seying some men, haue in the same delyste:
 At their great instance, I made the same parlyte.
 Addyng and batyng, where I perceyued neade:
 All them desyring, which shall this treatyse reade.
 Not to be greued, with my playne sentence,
 Rudely conueyed, for lacke of eloquence.
 It were not sittynge, a hearde or man rurall,
 To spake in tearmes, gay and rethorickall.
 So teacheth Orace, in arte of Poetry,
 That wyriters namely, their reason shoulde apply.
 Meete speache appropyzng, to euery person age:
 After his estate, behauour, wytt, and age.
 But if that any woulde, now to me abiect,
 That this my labor, shalbe of small effect.
 And to the reader, not greatly profitable,
 And by that manner, as bayne and reproueable.
 Bicause it maketh, onely relacon,
 Of Shepherdes manner, and disputacion.
 If any suche reade, my treatyse to the ende,
 He shall well perceyue, if he therto entende.
 That it conteyneth, bothe laudes and vertue,
 And man enformeth, misliuyng to eschue.
 With diuers bourdes, and sentences morall:

Closed in shadow, of speeches Pastorall.
 As many Poetes, as I haue sayde before:
 Haue bled long tyme, before that I was borne.
 But of their writyng, though I ensue the rate,
 No name I challenge, of Poete Laureate.
 That name, vnto them, is meete, and dothe agree:
 Which writeth matters, with curiositee.
 Myne habite blacke, acor'deth not with greene:
 Blacke, betokeneth death, as it is daily seene.
 The greene, is pleasaunt, fresh, lust, and iolitie:
 These two, in nature, hath great diuerfitie.
 Then, who woulde ascribe, excepte he were a foole,
 The pleasaunt Lauret, vnto the mournyng coole.
 Another rewarde, abydeth my labor:
 The glorious syght, of God my Sautour.
 Which is cheife Shepherde, and head of other all:
 To him, for succour, in this my warke, I call.
 And not on Elia, nor olde Helpomene:
 My hope is fixed, of him ayded to be.
 That he, me direct, my mynde for to expresse:
 That he, to good ende, my wyt and pen addresse.
 For to accomplissh, my purpose and entent:
 To the laude and pleasure, of God omnipotent.
 And to the profyte, the pleasure and the meede:
 Of all them which shal, this treatise heare & reade.
 But to the reader, now to retourne agayne:
 Fyrst, of this thynge, I wyll thou be certayne.
 That .x. Egloges, this hols treatysle dothe holde:
 To imitate, of other Poetes olde.
 In which Egloges, Shepherdes thou mayst see,
 In homely language, not passyng their degree.
 Some disputyng, of Courtly Misery:
 Sometyme, of Venus deceatfull tiranny.

Sometyme, commendynge lone, honest, and laudable
Sometyme, dispisynge loue, false deceauable.
Sometyme, dispisynge, and blamynge auarise:
Sometyme excitynge, vertue to exercise.
Sometyme, of warre, abhoryng the outrage:
And of the same tyme, the manifolde damage.
And other matters, as after shall appeare:
To their great pleasure, whiche shall them reade or
(heare.

The Prologue of the first Egloge.

Two simple Shepherdes, met on a certayne day:
The one well aged, with lockes hoate & gray:
Which after labours, and worldly busynesse,
Concluded to lye, in rest and quietnesse.
yet nought had he kept, to fynde him cloth nor foode:
At diuers holes, his heare grew thorough his hoode
A styffe patched felte, hangynge ouer his eyen:
His costly clothynge, was thynne & bare kensall green.
His patched Cokers, scant reached to his kne:;
In the syde of his felte, there stak a spone of tree.
A bottell, his cote, on the one syde had torne:
For hangynge, the eare, was neare in sonder woone.
In his one hande alway, his pypp he bare:
Wherof the sonnde, released him of his care.
His wallet, with bread and chese, so than he stode:
A hooke in his hande, in myddes of all his goode.
Sawe that he boasted to haue experience,
Of worldly thynges, by practyse and science.
Him selfe he called, Cornie, by his name:
The other Shepherde, was lyke vnto the same.
Sawe only that he, had lyued all his dayes:

In keepyng his folde, and seene no farther wayes.
yet was he to syght, a stoute and lusty freake:

And as he boasted, he bozne was in the Deake,
Coridon by name, his neybour's dyd him call:

Him selfe counted, the stoutest of them all.

This Coridon swore, and sayde to Cornix sure,

That he no longer, wolde there, that lyfe endure.

In wretched labor, and styll in pouertee:

But to the Citie, he sayde, that go woulde he.

Ozels to the Courte, and there, with some abyde:

Tyll tyme that fortune, wold better lyfe prouyde.

By whiche mocion, Cornix sheweth plainly,

Of Courte and Courtiers, the care and misery.

The first Egloge, of the Quilters and Quilters
of the Courte, and Courtiers: the Shepheardes

Interlocutors or commeners in the same

Eglogue, by Coridon and Cornix.

Coridon first speaketh.

Forthfrende Cornix, nought can my hert make
lyght,

When I remembre, the stormes of yester nyght.

The thunder, a lyghtenyng, tempest, and the hayle:

Hathe plainly wasted, our profite and auayle.

The fearfull thunder, with greuous clap and sounde:

Our cozne hath beaten downe, flat vnto the ground
With tempest after, and violence of rayne:

That it, as I doubt, shal neuer ryse againe.

The hail hath beaten our shepe, within the folde,

That all befebled, as well the yong, as the olde.

Our mylke is turned, and waxed pale and soure,

The storme and tempest, upon our colches poure.

Our

Our flocke and fieldes, is all our hole riches,
Whiche still is subiecte, to suche unhappinesse.
For after that we, haue done both cost and paine,
One sodain tempest, destroiet h all againe.
Then farewell welfare, wozs chaunce we nede not fere
Sane onely to soweke our clawes, with the beare.
The Citezens, haue great treasure likerly,
In cofers closed, voyde of Jeopardy.
Theyr coyne cowched faste, vnder locke and key,
Frome place to place, they maie the same conuey.
When thei of the theues, perceiue the dyn and sound,
But still must our coine remaine vpon the ground.
Abdyng stormes, haile, thunder, and tempest,
Till that it be, for likyll rype and prest.
As for theyr riches not thunder, frost nor hayle,
No storme nor tempest, can hurt or disauaile.
Suche carefull chances, and suche aduersitee,
Us alwaie kepeth, in wretched pouertee.

Corin answereth.

O Coridon my mate, I sweare so haue I blyss,
Thou plainly speakest, lyke as the mattier is.
But as for my parte, my mynde, and wytt is blynde,
To know who gydeth al weather, storme & wynde.
But this thynge I knowe, but yet not perfectly,
Yet bold dare I be, to speake to the plainly.
For if that I spake it, in some audience,
Some men wolde maligne, and take it for offence.
If god (as men saie) doeth heauen and earth sustaine,
Than why doeth not he, regarde our daily payne.
Our greuous labour, he iustly might deuynde,
And for vs wretches, some better lyfe prouide.
Some nought doeth labour, and liueth pleasantly,
Though all bys reason to vices he apply.

But see with what sweat, what businesse and paine,
 Our symple liuyng, we labour to obtayne.
 Beholde what ylls the shepherdes must endure,
 For floske and howsholde, bare liuyng to procure.
 In feruent heat, we must intende our folde,
 And in the wynter, almost we frese for colde.
 Upon the harde grounde, or on the flyntes browne,
 We cleape, when other lye on a bed of downe.
 A thousande ylls of dangier, and sickenesse,
 With diuers sores, doeth our beastes oppresse.
 A thousande peryls, and mo, if they were tolde,
 Daily, and nightly, inuadeth our pooze folde.
 Sometyme the wolfe, our beastes doeth deuour,
 And sometyme the thefe, awaiteth for his hour.
 Or elles the soudiour, much worse, the wolfe or thefe,
 Against all our floske, inrageth with myschefe.
 Se how my handes, are with many a gall,
 And styffe as a boorde, by worke continuall.
 My face all scuzfy, my colour pale and wan,
 My head all parched, and blacke as any pan.
 My hearde lyke bristles, so that a plyant leke,
 With a litel might, maie thrust me thorow y cheke.
 And as a stockelyshe, wrinkeled is my skyn,
 Such is the profite, whiche I by labour wyn.
 But this my labour, shulde greue me much the lesse,
 If rest or pleasure, come of my businesse.
 But one sodaine storme, of thunder, haile, or rayne,
 Againe all wasteth, wherfore I toke this payne.
 This is the rewarde, the dede, and warke deuyne,
 Vnto whose auters, pooze shepherdes incline.
 To offer tapers, and candels we are faine,
 And for our offryng, lo, this we haue againe.
 I can not declare, what pitee, and mercy,

Wzappeth vs wzetches, in this harde mytery.
But this wote I well, it is bothe right and mede,
There most to socour, where doeth apere most nede.

¶ Cozidon.

¶ Ho there frende Cornix, thou wadest now to farre,
Thy selfe forgettyng, thou leapest ouer the barre.
Smal is my knowlege, thou many a thyng hast sene,
Yet out of the waie, forsothe I see the clene.

The kyng of heauen, is mercifull and iust,
And them al helpeth, which put in hym their trust.
When we deserue, he stryketh not alwaie,

This in the pulpete, harde I syz Peter saie.
yet oft he striketh, when man is obstinate,
And by no meanes, wpll his mistyng hate.
So all these plages, and inconuenience,
faules on vs wzetches, onely for our offence.

¶ Cornix.

¶ For what offences, thou art madde so to saie,
Were we of y sorte, which dyd our lorde betraie.
Or that consented, our lorde to crucify,
We neuer were suche, thy selfe can testify.

¶ Cozidon.

¶ Now trust me surely, though ye be neuer so wzouth,
I nought shall abathe, to the to saie the trouth.
Though we shepherdes, be out of company,
Without occasyon, we lyue vnhappely.

Seke well amonge vs, and plainely thou shalt see,
Theft, bzaulyng, malpce, discorde, iniquitee.
Wzathe, lechery, lesyng, enuy, and couetise,
And bzeuely to speake truely, we want no vice.

¶ Cornix.

¶ What nay man pardy, all we doo not offence,
yet all haue sorow, without all difference.

Saie nought man but trowth, do god nothyng deserue
Withouth difference, yet be all like to serue.

C. Cozidon.

What, ceasse man for shame, thou art of reaso scant
The wyle, now must learne wpt, of the ignozant.
I haue no knowledg, saue onely of my tarre,
yet this **I** perceaue, man shulde not seke to farre.
In goddes woꝝkes, he all doeth for the best,
If thou fyndest here no easement, welth ne rest.
What then, seke ferther, for plainly so shall **I**,
In some place, fortune beholdeth merely.
I byde no lenger by saint Thomas of kent:
In such bare places, wherfoze euery day is lent.
The freers haue store, in some daie of the weke,
But euery daie, our meate is for to seke.
I nought haue to bye, begge can **I** not for shame:
Except that **I** were bynde, impotent or lame.
If suche a gat lyng as **I**, shulde begge or ceane,
Of meliche mercy, and pitee wolde men haue.
That they for almes (**I** sweare by goddes sockes)
In euery towne, wold make me scoure the stockings.
That can one Drome, by many assaies tell,
With that yll science, **I** purpose not to mell.
Here nothyng **I** haue, wherfoze **I** nede to care:
Now Coznix adiew, streight forward wil **I** fare.

C. Coznix.

Straightforwarde man, hey Benedicitee,
All other people haue as great care as we.
Onely bare nede, is all our paine and wo,
But thesetowne dwellers, haue many paines mo.
Our paine is pleasure, nere in comparison,
Of their great ylles and soze veracion.
Of all suche thynges, haue **I** experence,

Then maieſt thou ſurely, geue to me credence.
Whether wilt thou go, to lyue moze quietly,
Man, all the worlde, is full of miſery.

¶ Coridon.

What man, the court is freſhe, and full of eaſe,
I can drawe a bowe, I ſhal ſome lord there pleaſe.
Thy ſelfe can repozte, how I can byrdes kyll,
Myne arrow toucheth of them, nothyng but the byl.
I hurte no fleſhe, nor bruſe no parte at all,
Were not my ſhotyng, our liuyng were but ſmall.
Lo here a ſparowe, lo here be thryſhes fower,
All theſe I haue kyled, this daie within an houre.
I can daunce the raze, I can bothe pype and ſyng,
If I were mery, I can bothe hurle and clyng.
I ronne, I waſtell, and can well throw the barre,
No ſhepherde throweth, the aple tree ſo farre.
If I were mery, I coulde well leape and ſpyng,
I were a man! mete, to ſerue a prynce or kyng.
Wherefore to the court, now wyll I get me plaine,
Adew ſweete Cornix, farewell yet ones againe.
Prouyde for thy ſelfe, ſo ſhall I doo for me.

¶ Cornix.

Doo awaie Coridon, for goddes loue let be,
Nought els is the court, but euen the deuyls mowth,
And place moſt careful, of eaſt, weſt, north, & ſowth
For thy longe ſeruyce, there nede ſhall be thy hyze,
Out of the water, thou leapeſt into the fyze.
We lyue in ſorowe, I wyll it not deny.
But in the court is the well of myſery.

¶ Coridon.

What man thou ſeeſt, and in lyke wyſe ſee I,
That luſty courters go alway ſotely.
They haue no labour, yet are they well beſene,

Barded, and garded, in pleasant white and grene.
Thei doo nought elles, but reuell, slepe, and dzyinke,
But on his foldes, the poze shepherde must thinke.
They rest, we labour, thei gayly decked be,
Whyle we go ragged by nede and pouertee.
They colour lusty, they byde no stoz me noz hours,
They haue the pleasures, but all the payne is ours.
Thei haue all thynges, but we wretches haue nought,
Thei sing, thei daunce, while we soze sigh for thought
But what byngeth them to this prosperitee,
Strength, cowrage, frendes, craft and audacitee.
If I had frendes, I haue all thyng besyde,
Whiche might in court, a rowme for me prouyde.
But syth courtiers haue this lyfe continually,
They haue all pleasure, and nought of mysery.

Cornix.

Not so Coridon, oft vnder palowe lockes,
Be hyd fowle scabbes, and feareful frenche pockes.
Their reuyld shyrttes, of clothe, whyte, softe, & thyn,
Oft tymes cloketh, a fowle and scurfy skyn.
And where we labour, in warkes profitable,
They labour sozer in warke abhominable.
They maie haue shame, to Jet so by and downe,
When thei be dettours, for doublet, hose, & gobone.
And in the tauerne remaine thei last for lagge,
Whan neuer a crosse, is in their courtly bagge.
They crake, they boste, and baunt as thei were wood,
And most whan thei syt, in myddes of others good.
Nought haue the wretches, saue care and mysery,
Who hath it proued, all courtynge shall despy.

Coridon.

Marys by this, I see experience,
That thou in the court, hath kept some residence.

Cornix.

Remembryng of court, the payne continual,
I thynk these paynes, but easy, short, and small.
So the remembraunce, of greuous care and payne
Causeth me gladly this hardnesse to sustayne.
Who that hath lyued in court, I the assure,
In steede of pleasure make this our lyfe endure.
Our nede is eased, with pleasaunt libertee,
Their care is heaped, with harde captiuitee.
I thought our luyng care and veracion,
Before (of the court) oz thou made mencyon.

Cozidon.

If the court be suche, as thou doest plainly tell,
I thynke it folp, with it to deale oz mell.
Better is frewyl, with nede and pouertee,
Than nede in the court, with harde captiuitee.
But tell me Cornix, I prae the instantly,
How knowest thou fyrst, this geare so perfyty.

Cornix.

While I in youth, in Croidon towne dyd dwell.
Often to the court, I coles brought to sell.
And then I lerned and noted perfyty,
Of court, and courters, the care and mysery.
For I lurked, and none regarded me,
Tyll I had knowlege, of hye and lowe degre.
What was their maner, behauour and blage,
The more I carped, more sawe I of outrage.

Cozidon.

Then farewell courtynge, I se thou countest best,
Here to remaine, in symple welth and rest.
But in meane season, I prae the hartely,
Declare me all hole, the courtly mysery.
Beholde, our weathers lye chewyng of the cudde,

Here is no parell, of water dyke, nor mudde.
Slouth loueth slombzyng muche slepe is repprouable,
But meryt talkyng, is greatly confortable.
Here is colde shadowe, here is a clere fountaine,
When wordes greueth, Drynke and begynne again.
For long tyme passed, I haue herd of thy loze,
Whiche thyng me moueth, to here y talke the more.
Begynne and shewe me, the courtes wretchednesse,
So I parchaunce, shall set therby the lesse.
And where long talkyng, oft greueth many a man,
I shall the furnyshe, with wordes now and than.
What saie on Coznix, why arte thou now so syl,
Thy wytt and reason, was wont to be at wyll.

Coznix answered.

Chaine wold I common, for pleasure and pastyme,
But trouth is comitted, most greuouse fault or crime.
And some might me here, which by their wordes sour,
Might byng me in court, in greuous displeasure.
Because I shal proue all the, which court doeth haue,
Miserable foolles, madde men, and ignorant.
Therefore Cozidon, amonge the bowes pryde,
If there lurke any Jay, sterlyng, thrushe, or pye.
To note my wordes, and chat them forth agayne,
Wherby I myght wynn displeasure, losse, or payne.

Cozidon.

Losse, goddes dominus, to lose (thou hast no good)
Saue hoke and cokers, thy botell and thy hood.
Thy hode all ragged, can kepe no body drye,
Many haue as good, though none can them espye.
He hath small reason, that hath a hode more fyne,
And wolde for malice berob the here of thyne.
As for displeasure, I warant the also,
Thou shalt for princes, great eas and pleasure do.

Foꝛ many vpon them, doo daily craue and call,
To be in seruyte, which are not mete at all.
To be in court, thei labour so gladly,
Bycause thei knowe not, therof the misery.
Whome to receyue, it is not profitable,
And to despyse them, it is not honozable.
If thou such constraine to leaue, of their owne minde,
Thou doest to pꝛynces, a very pleasure kynde.
And other fooles, shall take thy tale in spoꝛte,
And neuerthelesse, shall to the court resoꝛte.
Than let not Coꝛuix, plainly to saie the tꝛouth,
Let scabbed clawe, and gylly men be wꝛouth.
Better is foꝛ tꝛouth, suffre paines harde,
Than foꝛ false flatteryng, to haue a great rewarde.

¶ Coꝛuix.

¶ Thou saiest but reason, I laud the by saint Iohan,
Than boldly demaunde, I pꝛaise the Coꝛidon.
Of suche mattiers, as to the court belong,
And I shall answer, deme if it be wꝛong.
That I haue learned, by pꝛactyse and scyeng,
I shall as I maie, geue the intelligence.

¶ Coꝛidon.

¶ The court as thou saiest, is fals and dysceyuable,
Than tell me wherfoꝛe, that men most honozable.
Therin remainyng, abyde the care and paine,
And yet by their wyll, they wyll not foꝛth againe.

¶ Coꝛuix.

¶ Many thynges be, which muche people blynde,
To ren to the court, with feryent hart and mynde.
But of all thynges, this specially is one,
The hope of honour, called ambycion.
Ryght so Hyppolitas dyd, lust of honour call,
And as he comytted, Ambycion is egall.

Unto that vertue, which men call charitee,
 Charitee suffreth, all harde aduersitee.
 All payne and labour, and all veracion,
 And euen as muche, suffreth ambition.
 For worldly wretches, in honor to excell,
 Force not to labor, donne to the pyt of hell.
 Lo here these cause, why men to Courte resorte.
 But once in the Courte, when they haue had confort.
 Suche is of mankynde, the blynde calamitee,
 That in one state, if they long tyme haue bee.
 A lyfe, there liuyng, but vile and full of shame,
 yet by no maner, can they dispyse the same.
 So, who that in youth, hath vied Courtes rage,
 They fynde no maner, to leaue the same in age.
 And to wynde laudes and prayse of the Commontee,
 In no harde labor, thynke they difficultee.
 But if men hunted for fooles, and hye glozy,
 As they hunt daily, for honor transitory.
 Ryght few or none, woulde to the Courte apply,
 Therto be tangeled, with care and misery.
 But vnto the Courte, if thou hast thyne intent,
 Bicause Prelates, and wyse men, it frequent.
 Heare what the Shephearde, of Nazareth doth say,
 As I hearde Iustus, declare vpon a day:
 Upon the hye chayre, and seate of Moyse,
 Sat the olde Scribes, and sectes of Phariseys:
 Lyue, as they teache, but lyue not as they do:
 And thus in the Courte, man must behaue him so.
 His lyfe reformyng, lyke as inche ought to lyue,
 Not by example, which they to other gyue.

Cozidon.

These be hye mattiers, and far beyonde my wyte,
 If such be the Courte, what man wold mel wite.

yet I assure the, before this I haue sene,
That worthy Shepherdes, long in the court haue ben
Cornix.

All that, I graunt the, but aske, and thou shalt fynde,
That such in the court, abyde against their mynde
As the riche Shepherd, which wonnid in Mortlake,
Coridon.

O Corait, Cornix, feele how my hert doch quake
On him, when I thynke, my hert is full of payne,
Woulde God, that we, could get him to lyue agayne
When tyme he lyued, some blamed him ywys,
Which synce he dyed, doth him sore lacke and mys.
He passed Codrus, he passed Minalcas,
He passed Mafus, and also Lisidas.
None other Shepherd myght, with that man compare
Indurynge his lyfe, we needed not to care,
But euer syth tyme, that he was dead and gone,
We suffre wronges, defender haue we none.
He was the Patron, of thynges pastozall
His face and sauor, forget I neuer shall.
Whyle I was yonger, he came by our cotage,
Then was my father Amyntas, far in age.
But the same Shepherd, gaue him both cloth & golde.
O Cornix, the yong, be much vnlyke the olde.
Cornix.

As yeas, synce his dayes, a cocke was in the fen,
I know his voyce, among a thousand men.
He taught, he preached. he mended euery wrong,
But Coridon, alas, no good thyng bydeth long,
He all was a cocke. he wakened vs from slepe,
And whyle we slombered, he dyd our foldes liepe.
No Curre, foxes, no Butchers doggas wood,
Coude hurt our foldes, his watchynge was so good
The

The hungry wolues, whyche that tyme dyd abound,
 What tyme he crowed, abashed at the sounde.
 This cocke was no moze, abashed of the fore,
 Than is a lyon abashed of an ore.
 Whan he went, faded the floure of all the fen,
 I boldly dare sweere, this cocke trode neuer hen.
 This was a father, of thynges pastoral,
 And that well sheweth his churche Cathedrall.
 There was I lately, about the myddes of maye,
 Coridon, his churche, is twenty sythe moze gaye.
 Than all the churches, betwene the same and Kent,
 There sawe I his towmbe, and chapell excellent.
 I thought fyue houres, but euen a lytell whyle,
 Saynt Iohn the virgin me thought did on me smile
 Our paryshe churche, is but a dongyon,
 To that gaye churche, to make comparisson.
 If the people were as pleasant, as the place,
 Then were it paradyse, of pleasure and solace.
 Than might I truly, right well fynde in my harte,
 There styll to abyde, and neuer to departe.
 But syns that this cocke, by death hath left his song,
 Trust me Coridon, there many a thyng is wronge.
 Whan I sawe his fygure, laye in the chapell syde,
 Lyke death for wepyng, I might no longer hyde.
 No, all good thynges, to sone awaie doeth glyde,
 That no man lyketh, to long doeth rest and abyde.
 Whan the good is gone, my mate this is the case,
 Seldome the better reentreth in the place.

Coridon.

Chon fastest trowth Cornix, I make to god a bowe,
 But aye mate Cornix, se where be we now.
 Farre from the mattier, where as we first began,
 Begyn where we left, I praise the if thou can.

Cornix.

That shall I lightly, thou saidest that a sorte,
Of good olde shepherdes, did to the court resorte.
But suche as be good, be there againe their wyll,
For truly in court, they fynde lesse good than yll.
To see muche amysse, to them it is great payne,
Whan for their wordes, none wyl his byce restrain.
Then get they but soone, and indignacion,
And for their good myndes, paine and vexacion.

Coridon.

I prae the Cornix, procede, tell by and by.
Of court and courtiers, the payne and mysery.

Cornix.

That were a longe mattier, and very harde to do,

Coridon.

This is best remedy, take longer tyme therto.
Here is gay shadowe, here is a pleasant coole,
Take banke and flowres, for cussen and for stoole.

Cornix.

Than laie downe thy hoke, geue me that botell nere
With often washyng, the throte and voyce is clere.

Coridon.

Lo here the botell, drynke suche as is therin,
Drynke better, a than in the name of god, begyn.

Cornix.

A fy, well drawn, and that with lytell payne,
Than turne we our speche, now to the court again.
Who wyl to the court, fyrst let hym thynke before,
Whether he maie suffre labour, and paynes sore.
Bothe hunger and thyrst, iniury and wrong,
For these shall he fynde, the rude courtiers among.
And more after these, yet let hym thynke againe,
Whether in the court, he maie that thyng obtaine.

C.iii.

which

Which he desireth, me thynketh the contrary,
Then wolde synde honour, there synde they miserie:
Thus all be fooles, which willyngly there dwell,
Coridon, the court is the baptyng place of hell.

Coridon.

That is hardly said, man, by the roode of rest:

Cornix.

I graunt it is harde, but to sale trouth, is best.
But yet shall I proue, my sayng veritable,
Aduert my woordes, see if I be culpable.
Unto our purpose, by diuers waies thre,
Men maie be fooles, I shall them count to the.
Thei all be fooles, which set their thought and mynd,
That thyng for to seke, which thei shal neuer fynd.
And thei be fooles, which seke thynges with delyte,
Which if thei synde, is harme and no prolyte.

And he is a foole, a sot, and a geke also,
Which choseth a place, vnto the same to go.
And where dyuers waies, leade thether dyrectly,
He chosed the worst, and most of leopardy.
As if dyuers waies, laye vnto Flvington,
To stowe on the wold, quaueneth oz Trompyngtō.
To Doner, Dyrham, to Barwyke, oz Excester,
To Granthā, Cotnes, Bristowe, oz Godmāchester.
To Roan, Barys, to Lyon, oz Flozance:

Coridon.

What hoo man, abyde, what already in France.
No, a sayre iourney, and shortly ended to,
With ail these towne, what thyng haue we to do.

Cornix.

By god, man, knowe thou, that I haue had to do,
In all these towne, and yet in many mo.
To see the worlde, in youth me thought was best,

And

And after in age, to geue my selfe to rest.

Coridon.

Thou might haue brought one, & set by our villag.

Cornix.

What man, I might not, for lacke of cariage.
To carpy myne owne selfe, was all that ever I might,
And sometyme for ease, my sackell made I lyght.

Coridon.

To our fyrst mattier, we better must intende,
Els in a twelue month, we shal make an ende.

Cornix.

Truelated **C**oridon, that can I not denaye,
But thyne owne selfe, dyd leade me from the waie.
Unto these townes, now to retorne agayne,

To any of them all, if there laye waies twaine.
The one sure and short, and leadyng dyrectly,
The other waie longer, and full of teopardy:
That foole were worthy, a babel and a hoode,
Which wolde chose y worst, perceuyng wel y good.
One of these folyes, or all, oppresse that sort,
Whiche not constrained, doeth to the court resort.
Other that thei serche, which thei make not attaine,
Or y, which gettyng, shal do them hurt and paine,
Or of two wayes, they vse to leaue the best,
For on no goodnesse, doeth their desyres rest.

Coridon.

What is the desyre, and purpose pryncipall,
Whesely frequented, among these courtiers all.
And for what rewarde, take they such busynesse.

Cornix.

Of that could **C**oridon, the trouth to expresse.
And I shall tell the, as true as the gospell,
After lyke maner, as **T**herde **C**oridon tell.

Who that remaine, by kyng or prynces syde,
Endure great paynes, fyue thynges to proude.

Who that in court, maie one of them purchase,
Thynketh to haue won, a pleasant gyft to grace.

The first is honour I tolde the of this same,
The seconde is lawde, hye name or worldly fame.

The thyrde is power, myght or aucthoritee,
The fourth is riches, chese rote of dygnitee.

The fyfte is pleasure, lust and voluptuousnesse,
For these, doo men sewe vnto the court doutlesse.

Besyde these be some, but thei be sowne thyn,
Resortyng to court, their sowles for to wyn.
So much more merite, supposyng to optayne,
How much more thei byde, of displeasure and pain.
Of these all, shall be my communicacion.

Coridon.

Now speake on Cornix, with goddes benyson.

Cornix.

All these shall I proue, by playne experience,
Not onely wytlelesse, and boyde of sapience.

But also fooles, men ignorant and wode,
And of all fooles, most worthy of a hode.

But or I begyn, I take the to wytnesse,
That no prynce, I blame delityng in goodnesse.

But onely to speake, by protestation
To saie nought, but trouth, is no detraxion.

Agaynst our souerayne, no thyng doo I reple,
In whome all vertue, doeth spryng abundantly.

And other princes, and lordes great or small,
Whyle thei fle byces, I blame none of them all.

And though in talkyng, oft tymes call I must,
Some prynces subiecte, to folly, syn and lust.

I wolde not haue, that ascribed to them all,

I am not so fonde, so dull nor rusticall.
 But that I perceauē, that many princes be,
 Whose lyfe and vertue, is after theyr degre.
 With feare of god, and dreade of paine doubtlesse,
 They slake those vices, which riseth on noblesse.
 And where oft vices, spryng most in hye degre,
 By men of riches, welth, lust, and libertee.
 Because that no man, dare blame them for offence,
 yet some noble men, so gyde them by prudence.
 Namely assisted, by the supernall grace,
 So that wytt ruleth, and lustes haue no place.
 Among gentyles, such princes synde I can,
 As Augustus, Titus, and eke Vaspasian.
 Traian, Antonius, with many other mo,
 And christen princes, many one also.
 As riche Constantyne, and olde Archadius,
 Theodocius, Charles, and Honorius.
 yea, and holy Henry, lyng at Wyndesore,
 Of such coude I count, mo than a twenty score.
 Besyde noble Henry, which now departed late,
 Spectacle of vertue, to euery hye estate.
 The patrone of peace, and primate of prudence,
 which on goddes church, hath done so great expēce.
 Of all these Princes, the mercy and pitee,
 The loue of con corde, iustice, and equitee.
 The purenesse of lyfe, and gyftes liberall,
 Note al these vertues, of the saied princes all.
 And Henry the eyght, most hye and triumphant,
 No gyft of vertue, nor manlinesse doeth want.
 Myne humble speche, and language pastorall,
 If it were able, shulde wryte his actes all.
 But whyle I ought speake, of courtly misery,
 Hym, with all such, except I bitterly.

But what other Princes, commonly frequent,
As true as I can, to shew, is myne intent.
But if I shoulde say, that all the misery,
Which I shall after, reherse and specify.
Where, in the Courte, of our most noble kyng,
I shoulde sayle trowth, and plainly make leasynge.
And if that I sayde, that in it were no vice:
So shoulde I lye, in right, lyke maner wyse.
As for my parte, I blame no man at all.
Saue suche, as to vice, be subiecte, bounde & thral.
For among all men, this wyse standeth the case,
That moze yl, then good, doth grow, in euery place.
Oxidon.

Right well excuseth, I thought not erst, trust me,
That simple Cornix, had halfe this subteltie.
But now appeareth, the very truthe certayne,
That men of woꝛship, haue not best wyt and brayn.
Now tell how Courters, which gapeth for honour,
In stede of honour, synde payne, sharpe and soure,
Cornix.

All they which suffre, in Courte, labor and payne,
Therby supposynge, true honoꝛ to optayne:
Not muche abuseth, my woꝛdes noꝛ doctrine:
Be muche vnable, to geue them medicyne.
For Elebor the olde, with all his salues pure,
Their wytkfull folly, coulde scantly helpe and cure.
What man woulde thynke, that true honoꝛ profounde
In Princes halles, oꝛ courtes may be founde.
There none hath honoꝛ, by vertue and connyng,
By maners, wyldome, sadnesse, noꝛ good liuyng.
But who hath power, hye rowmes oꝛ rycheesse,
He hath most honoꝛ and laude, of moze and lesse.
For what pooꝛe man, a playne and simple soull,

Though

Though he were holy, as euer was saynt Poun.
Hast thou euer sene, exalted of a kyng,
For all his maners, and vertuous liuyng.
These be the wordes, of Shepherde Siluius,
Which after was byshop, and called was Pius.

Coridon.

What, yes man pardy, right many haue ben sene,
Which in pooze houses, bozne, & brought by hath be
That from low roumes, and carefull pouertee,
Be now exalted to greatest dignitee.

Cornix.

Suche is the pleasure of Princes, to promote,
Such, vnto honoz, whiche scant be worth a grote.
But whom promote they, geue credence vnto me,
Suche, as in maners, to them most lykest be.
And in what maners, in beastly lechery:

In couetyse, Tre, or in vyle glotony.
In hasty murder, and other crueltie,
Beleue me Coridon, I say but veritie.
A Couetous Prince, hath him most acceptable:
Which gathereth coyne, by meanes deceyuable.

As false accusyng, and wrong extorcion:
Sellyng of iustyse, fraude and extorcion.
A lecherous Prince, hath him best in concept:
Which can by craft, his place & tyme in weyt.
Virgins and wyues, most fayre and amiable:
To bring to his bed, for lust abhominable.
And a Drunken Prince, hath him as dearest mate:
Which most can surfet, most reuell and durtke late.

And vnto a Prince, which loneth crueltie:
Cheifely in sangur, and concepte is he:
Which most detyteth, in sheddyng mans blood:
Few vicious Princes, promote suche as be good.

Now is accepted, of men of hye degree,
Nor set in honoz, from humble pouertee,
Excepte he hath done, some deade, so great of fame.
That all the worlde, may wonder at the same.
But this same honoz, is neither true nor stable:
Which groweth of roote, so yll and detestable,
For very honoz and true, or perfect glozy,
Cometh of actes, of laudable memozy,
In suportacion, of right and equitie,
Or in defendyng, the Church and Commentie,
Or other actes, comen or priuate,
Which sound to woorthip, these make a true estate.
But suche true honoz, fewe Princes do deserue,
And no more do they, which in the Court them serue
Syth all, almost, be of misgouernauce,
For no good do they, excepte it be by chaunce.

Coridon.

C Yet, at the least way, soche men reputed be,
Men of great honoz, among the Commentee.
For whyle suche walke, in Courte or in streete,
Eche man inclyneth, which them both see or meete.
Of goth the bonet, a becke at euery worde,
Eche man must neades, geue place vnto my Lorde.
After his degree, byrth, or promocion,
Suche, of the Commens, haue salutacion.
And shortly to say, men do them more honoz,
Then to the figure, of Christ our Sauour,

Corin,

C It is as thou sayest, forsoth, my Coridon,
But harken what they say, at last, when men be gone
Then they salute them, in the deuyls name,
And pray vnto God, that they may dye with shame
And so doth many, by tourment and dolour,

When fykell fortune, lyketh on them to iour.
But suche, as doth stoupe, to them before their face,
Geueth them a mocke, when they be out of place.
And one doth whysper, softe, in others ere,
And sayth: this Tyrant, is feller then a Bere.

Coridon.

Why, and feare they no more, for to say thus,
Cornix. (Siluius

No, but harke man, what sayeth the good Bilshop
Lo, this same is he, which, by his bad counsell,
Causeth our Prince, to be to vs to sell.

This same is he, which rayseth deme and taxes,
This same is he, which itreynd men on racks.

This same is he, whiche causeth all this war,
This same is he, which all our welth doth mar.

This is, of Commens, the very deadly mall,
Which, with these charges, thus doth oppres vs al.
Who him displeaseth, he beateh all to dust,

This same is he, which kylleth whom he lust.
That all the deuyls of hell, him hence cary,

That we, no longer, endure his tyranny.

This is the honoz, and all the reuerence.

Geuen vnto them, when they be from pzenence.

But in suche honoz, who euer hath delpte,
Which is fraudfull, so faynte, and vnparfyte.

I am not a fearde, to call him mad and blynde,
And a very foole, or els a sot of kynde.

Coridon.

Cornix my frende, thou speakest now to playne,
I feare, lest this geare, shall tourne vs vnto payne,
If any man beneare, be styll a while and harke,

Cornix.

I feare not at all, now I am set on worke.

D.ii.

Belyde

Beside this Coridon, in court, most part doth dwel,
Flatterers, and lyers, coziars of fasell.

Juggelers, and dezers, and such a shamefull rable,
Which for a dynner, laude men, nor byng laudable.
But men circumspecte, which be discrete and wyse,
Doeth such vaine laudes, bitterly despyse.

For truely no laude, is named good nor true,
Except it procede of men, which loue vertue.

A ribauds blame, is commendacion,
Such vse to flaunder, good conuersacion,
But such thei commend, as be to them semblable,
So their dispraisynge, to the is profitable.

¶ Coridon.

¶ Now truly my harte is eased with the same,
For Godfrey Gormand, lately dyd me blame.
And as for him selfe, though he be gaie and stout,
He hath nought, but soly within and eke without.
To blowe in a bowle, and for to pyll a platter,

To gyne, to brawle, to counterfait, to flatter.
He hath no felowe, betwene this and crowdowne,
Sawe the proude plowmā, gnato of chozlyngtown
Because he alway malygneth againe me,
It playne apereth, our lyfe doeth not agree.

For if we lined, bothe after one rate,
Than shulde I haue hym, to me a frendly mate.
But Coroir, procede, tell forth of dignitee:

¶ Coroir.

¶ Often in my tale, I hyndred am by the,
Such as for honour, vnto the court resort,
Loke seldom tymes, vpon the lower sort.
To the hyer sort, for most part thei entend,
For styll their desyre, is hyer to ascend.

And whan none can make with them comparisson,
Againe

Againe their prynces, conspire thei by treason.
 Than whan their purpose, can not come wel to frame
 Againe thei discende, and that with vtter shame.
 Coridon, thou knowest right well, what I meane,
 We lately of this, experience haue sene.
 Whan men wolde ascende, to rounes honozable,
 Euer is their mynde, and lust, insaciablen.
 What euer thei haue, thei count the same, but small,
 While ought is greater, nought cā t hē please but al.
 And ones in Cambrzydge, I harde a scoler saie,
 One of the same, which go in gopes gaie.
 That no man shulde fixe, ende of felicitie,
 In worldly honour, hys rounne, or dignitee.
 For it is a thyng, incertaine, and vnstable,
 Which man of him selfe, to puruey is not able.
 In another power, this honour alwaie is,
 Who most it seketh, of it doeth often mys.
 And who that serueth, for honour, and hys name,
 And in this worlde, to get hym noble fame.
 Much paine abydeh, through cares and distresse,
 And with many men, he hath much busynesse.
 And oft must he rather, the mynde of men content,
 Than doo the pleasure, of god omnipotent.
 Than sith two honours, of diuers sortes be,
 One which is geuen of men of honestee.
 The seconde honour, is of a multitude,
 For veraiē trowth, that man of wpt, is rude.
 Which hunteth in court, for the first honour,
 The same to purchase, by care, and great labour.
 As fortune honour, no man can there optaine,
 Where neither maners, nor vertues, doeth raine.
 The seconde honour, is of comontee,
 Who that requireth, yet more foolish he.

For he demaundeth, a thyng right perylous,
Unsure, vnstable, and also vicious.
But bothe these sortes, alwaie be vexed sore,
Whan thei in honour, see many them before.
And often tymes, such as most vnwoorthy be,
For in court seldom, is lawded honestee.
Thus, who of honour, and laude is couetous,
Unto hym the court, is most contrarious.
And no where he fyndeth, greater veracion,
Than folowynge the court, sayng ambicion.
For who wolde ascende, to honour principall,
Fyndeth in the court, most care and paine of all.
Coridon.

¶ We haue enough had, of communicacion,
As touchyng honour, and commendacion.
Or woefully praisynge, for rowmes and hye name,
And though moze, might be declared of the same.
What, leauesome, my mate, for other ou to bzall,
It were ouer much for vs, to talke of all.
Now talke we of might, or hye auctoritee,
How men for the same, loue in the court to be.
Spede the, for clowdes aperc on euery syde,
If any stozme fall, we can not longer abyde.

Cornix.

¶ As touchyng power, might, or auctoritee,
Sometyme in the Court, in fauour great thei be.
To be with princes, of power excellent,
Some fooles, counteth a thyng preeminent.
Or that men, shulde him, a kynges tutour call,
Much to commaund, but nought to doo at all.
Bothe peace and bataile, to order at his will,
To be of power, bothe to doo good and yll.
But many a .M. which haue in such power sought,
Hath

Hath ben deceyued, and shortly come to nought.
As with one Nero, named Claudus:
In so great fauor, was one Seianus.
That whyle this Nero, was farre from his empyre,
Seianus ruled the same, at his desyre.
So muche, that Seian, had honoz then in deade:
As of all the worlde, counted the seconde heade.
That if this Nero, had dyed oz this houre:
This Seian truly, shoulde haue ben Emperour.
But by one letter, he after taken was:
In bitter dishonoz, depc'd from his place.
Lead for a spectacle, streyght to Tiber banke:
And there, beheaded, such was his meede & thanke.
All his ymages, in his honoz erecte:
Where, with gret malyce, doune to the ground defect
Thus, all his power ended, with care and shame:
Who that hath wisdom, wyl note & marke the same
It is no mattier, nor thyng of certaintie:
With mighty Princes, of great power to be.
No state is febler, moze weake, and uncerteyne,
Then such as semeth, great with his Souereigne.
He hath enuious maliguers, and yll wyl,
All out of fauor, adindgeth him for yll.
And all the housholde, doth commenly him hate,
Which with the maister, is seruaunt & neare mate.
And this, in the worlde, is sene most commenly,
That all hye rounes, be subiecte to enuy.
Suche, of all other, be hated and suspecte.
If they ought offende, it lyghtly is detecte.
And from all offence, if they be cleare and quyte:
Then lye they in wayte, them shortly to backebyte,
Some, for them study, fraudes, decepte and gyle,
And talebearers walke, & greue them other whyle

And lyke as the eye, is greued with a mote :
So, Princes fauour, though it be neuer so hote :
Is lyghtly greued, and that, for small offence :
Though it were gotten, with painfull diligence.
And oft is it lost, for none offence at all,
So much with Princes, may tonges fals make fal.
So much talebearers, by craftes forge can,
That theemperour, called Adzian :
Slew his olde frendes, and hated many one,
By these talebearers, and false detraction.
And many Princes, er this, haue done the same,
By hasty credence, disteinyng soze their name.
And as in Troydon, I hearde the Collyer preache,
That holy Scripture, doth vs informe and teacher:
How Saul, Dauid, and prudent Salomon,
Commaunded to be slayne, of suche, many one.
As hath ben with them, in great ancthozitee,
And dailly of suche, we may examples see.
Bicause Isaac, in myght, dyd ryse and stande,
Falsc Abymelete, him droue out of his lande.
And Alexander, with his owne hande slew :
Citron his frende, which he dyd after rebo.
Bicause he compared, vnto this Conquerour,
His father Philippus, laudes and honour.
And suche lyke chaunce, but lately dyd befall,
In the lande of Apuly, to the great Senescall.
Which was so greatly, in fauor with the Queene,
That none was so great, as he himselfe dyd weene.
And thought, in fauor, to byde more stedfastly :
For he, abused the Queene, dishonestly.
But to another, the Queene tourned her loue :
And then, him murthered, his pzeence to remoue.
And when she had founde, the meanes him to kyll.

Then

Than had she diuers louers, at her wyll.

Cozidon.

Cursed woman, and dede of crueltee :

Coznie.

Cye ye Cozidon, mo be as bad as she.

Some hath by malice, their sobokpng chylzen slain,
But to my mattier, wyll I retour ne againe.

Their fraude and malice, I will not now declare :

Who with them dealeth, perceaueth what is care.

But now Cozidon, to princes to retourne :

Who please th, this daie, is out againe the mozne.

Right fewe, or none, or by a princes syde,

Which doeth in fauour, continually abyde.

Whyle one ascendeth, an other doeth descende :

This is the thyng, wherto thei most entende.

And which in the court, men chesely go about,

Them selfe to byng in, and rubbe another out.

And than to clym vp, to offyce and renoune :

And whyle thei ascende, to thrust another doune.

Eche one desyreth, his felowe to excel,

There is no order, no more than is in hell.

No loue, no fauour, faith, nor fidelitee :

One brother, can not sure, for another be.

The sonne of the father, hath no compassion :

And lyke pitee, hath the father of his sonne.

Eche man for hym selfe, and the friend for all :

Eche one desireth, for to be principal.

Eche one will commaunde, and haue preeminence :

And if any one, haue place of excellence.

He hath about hym, a thousande eyen, and nyne :

And as many tonges, to byng hym to ruine.

On euery syde, enuiers, hym awaite,

Deuisyng meanes, to put hym from his state.

A man of power, which many men deare,
Hath euill wyll, thus maie he many feare.
Hye towres decaille, bylded by flodes lyde,
Which doeth the waues, continually abyde.
What shall a shepherde, doo in the court to tende,
Whose lyfe and seruice, on man doeth depende.
Though thou in fauour, be with a prynce or kyng,
yet trust not therin, it is vncertaine thynge.
Thou hast hym not bounde to the, w chaines strong,
Of leade or yron, to last and tary long.
But with feble ware, suche bande can not last,
Whan loue wexeth colde, then shall the lynkes bryast.
The furour of wyath, shall them consume and melt,
Than is thy fauour, skant worth a shepes pelt.

Coridon.

Of some haue I herde of men of great honour,
Which haue in the court, byd alwaie in fauour.
Tyll tyme their prynces departed from this lyfe,
And than with the newe, had lyke prerogatiue.
Thus in the court nothynge so variable,
As thou rehersest, nor yet so reprobable.

Corin.

I graunt the Coridon, some suche haue there bene,
But that is a byrde, which seldome tyme is sene.
That is but fortune, and chaunce not on to trust,
But many be thowen, vnwarely to the dust.
Some whyle their prynces, styll liued in renowne,
But whan thei departe, all tourneth vpsset downe.
Than if some haue fauour, with prynces successours,
We see them seldom, set in so hye honours.
As with their elders, they byd before optaine,
A man sone falleth, and slow is vp againe.
So many se we, deposed from degre,

And how much the more, thei were in dignite.
So much more, after, be thei vyle and abiect,
Their auncient name, counted of none effect.
Than thei perceaue, who was their frende and so,
Before in honour, forsothe thei coude not so.
To men in power, some often stoupe and becke,
Which gladly wold see, their hedes fro their necke
Whan thei by fortune, are on the grounde againe.
Than laugh their foes, and haue at them disdaine.
Their frendes dolour and sorow, is not small.
Their owne diswourshyp, a shame is worst of all.
For after thei liue styll, in dolour and distresse,
In shame, rebukes, in care, and heuinesse.
This is the comon ende, and sure conclusyon,
Of such as with princes, serue for promocion.
Wherefore I dare call them fooles, before the,
Which serue in the court, for might or dignitee.
Coridon.

Forsothe mate Cornix, I can not well deny,
But that such chaunces, doeth happen commonly.
Than better is small fyre, one easely to warme,
Than is a great fyre, to doo one hurt or harme.
I am assured, as for thy selfe and me:
We nede not to feare, to fall from our degre.
Beggery is lowest, who that can fare with all:
Redeth not to feare, to lower state to fall.
But haue done Cornix, and tell the wretchednesse:
Of such as in court, serue onely for richesse.
As for the other, the best, that we do maie:
Is to differre it, but yll another date.
Cornix.

Well saied Coridon, I am content with that,
But fyrst let me drynke, I shall the better chat.

This whey is sobere, but vse easeth the paine:
Drynke Coridon, and stoppe it vp againe.
Coridon.

Now saie on Cornix, thy talkyng liketh me,
I see that counsell, excludeth capacitee.
Saue for thy wisdom, or this tyme as I wene,
With courtly misery, I tangled shulde haue bene.
But well fare counsell, whan it is true and good,
I wolde that Hinalcas, this also vnderstode.
Cornix.

Many of the court resort, daily doubtlesse,
In yowthe to gather, some treasure or richesse.
Than against age, thei maie go out againe,
And afterwarde lye, without labour or paine.
In hope of this ease, and latter libertee,
Many in the court, byde long captiuitee.
And if some courter, thus to hym selfe doeth saie,
Alas, shal I neuer, ought for my selfe puruey.
Whan shall I in court, some litell banke procure,
That from the bagge & staffe, my age maie be sure.
The foole thinketh, than most richesse for to haue,
Against such season, whan nerest is his graue.
Whan nere is ended, his iourney of this lyfe,
Than is he for vitayle, most hely and penyfe.
Our sanior saiet, it is as harde doubtlesse:
To one, which fixeth his pleasure on richesse.
To enter that royalme, which is aboue the skye,
As an asse to enter, thozough a nedels eye.
I hard our vicar saie, in lyke maner wyse,
Ones whan he preached, against couetise.
Than it is foly, great richesse to purchase,
And by it to lose, the hope of heavenly place.
Is not Chryste able, his poore men to sustaine,

yes and

Yeas, and to ryd them, out of all other payne.
 The pooze Apostles, be greater now of fame,
 Then ryche Cresus, for all his royall name.
 When man hath in God, his trust and confidence:
 In all tyme of neade, he sayleth no expence.
 All good men fixeth, their trust in God pardye,
 He knoweth better, what thyng we neade, then we
 Of some pooze freers, is made more curiously:
 Then is some Abbey, or ryche Monastery,
 The fyrst hath their trust, in God our Creatour,
 The other trusteth, vpon their bayne treasour.
 Thus God oft helpeth them, that in him haue trust,
 When worldly ryches, men leaueth in the dust.

Coridon.

Cornix, thy promyse, was not for to preache,
 But me, of the Courtiers wisdome, to teache.
 Agaynst thyne owne selfe, thou speakest now pardye,
 For fyrst thou grutchest, agaynst pouertie.
 Agayne, thou blamest, plenty of rychesse now,
 But few men liuyng, thy sayng wyll a lode.
 For without rychesse, thou sayest openly,
 Vertue nor conyng, noko be nothyng set by.

Cornix.

I wyll not deny, but it is neade doubtlesse,
 For all men liuyng, for to haue some rychesse.
 But trust me Coridon, there is diuersitie,
 Betwene, to haue rychesse, and rychesse to haue the.
 Then thou hast rychesse; when thou dyspyrest store:
 Bestow it wele, and forrest not therfore,
 But rychesse hath the, when wretched couetyse.
 Thy mynde subdueth, to euery yll and vyce
 And when thy desyre, is yet insaciabell,
 Though thou haue treasure, almost innumerable.

Suche maner rycheſſe, the collyer tell the can.

Is vile and odible, both vnto God and man.

But now to the Courte, for to retourne agayne:

Some thynke, by Princes, great ryches to optayne
But whyle they coueyt, iurched for to be:

Coridon for soth, they leese their libertie.

And yet if I shoulde, the very trouth expresse:

No man can, in the Court, fynde iust & true richesse
If thy Lorde geue the, either golde or fee,

Vnto his seruyce, more art thou bounde parde.

Sapnt Gregory sayth, affirmynge the same thyng,

In greatest gyftes, is greatest rekenyng.

But if thou wylte then, furth of the Courte departe,
When by thy Prince, iurched thus thou arte.

Then shall be founde some gylte, some fraude or trayne
By meane wherof, thou leest all agayne.

A faute shall be founde, some one shall the accuse,

Of thing wherof, thou dyd neuer thynke ne muse.

Though thou be gyltlesse, yet shall thou be conuicte,
Farewell thy good, all shall be from the lyste.

Or some backe rekenyng, concernyng thy offyce:

Of all thy rycheſſe, shall polle the with a tye.

Then art thou clapped, in the flete or Clynke.

The nought must thou say, whatsoeuer thou thynke
For if thou beynne, to murmur or complayne,

Thy lyfe thou loest, the hast thou harmes take wayne

Coridon.

Yet were it better, for to continue still,

As long in the Courte, as is the Princes wyll.

Corin.

If thou continue, thou must be diligent:

And ready at hande, at eche commaundement.

When he commaundet, thou must be prest to fyght,

To ryde and to go, by day, and eke by nyght,
 No dzedde, no daunger, may helpe the, nor excuse,
 No payne, nor peryll, mayst thou flee nor refuse.
 Sometyme must thou be, in a yer contagious:
 And in thousandes other, of chaunces peryllous.
 What he commaundeth, that neades do thou must:
 Be it good or yll, righteous or vniust.
 Laugh when he laugheth, all if thyne herte be sad:
 Wepe when he wepeth, be thou neuer so glad.
 Laude what he laudeth, though it be not laudable:
 Blame what he blameth, though it be comendable.
 And shortly to speake, thou must all thyng fulfyll:
 As is his pleasure, and nothyng at thy wyll.
 None of thy wyttes, are at thy libertee:
 Unto thy maister, they neades must agree.
 What is more foolysch, more sonde or imprudent:
 Then to get rycheesse, by suche extreme tourment.
 For nought it is els, but playne a frenesy,
 To byde for rycheesse, this care and misery.
 It woulde make one claw, where as it doth not itche,
 To see one lyue pooze, bicause he woulde dye ryche.
 Bicause one in Court, hath gotten good or twayne:
 Should all men suppose, the same there to optayne
 And in hope therof, to lose their lybertee:
 But sekynge rycheesse, suche synneth pouertee:
 For many in Court, whyle they abyde richesse:
 Spende all their treasure, & lyue in wretchednesse.
 What sayeth some foole, spende on a bone voyage:
 Perchaunce my wages, shall passe myne heritage.
 But whyle he spendeth, tyll scant remayne a grote:
 Home he retourneth, yea with a thyrdbare cote,
 His horse is so fat, that playne he is not able:
 To get his body, nor head out of the stable.

His sword and buckeler, is pledged at the beare,
And to go lyghter, so is his other geare.
The ryder walketh, now with his bow and arrowes,
With a fayre excuse, in hedges, to kyll sparrowes.
And oft retournyng, he sayde but all to late:
A dieu all Courtyng, in the deuyls date.

Coridon.

A lyz, this passeth, now by the Roode of Some:
Better were for suche, for to had byd at home.
But tell me Cornix, hath all men the bondage,
And payne of the Courte, for no more aduauntage.

Cornix.

Yeas, comtyme rycheffe, is genen by some chaunce:
To suche, as of good, haue greatest abundaunce.
Lyke wyll as streames, vnto the see doth glyde:
But on bare hylls, no water wyll abyde.
So, if a pooze man, serue in the Court long whyle:
Fortune shall neuer, so frendly on him smyle.
But that a ryche man, in roume or hye dignitie:
For a lytell seruyce, hath more rewarde then he.
As for the seruyce, none in the Courte shall pounder:
They note the person, styl is the pooze kepte vnder
For a lytell man, meete is a small hackney:
So, smallest persones, hath small rewarde away.
But men of worship, set in auctoritee,
Must haue rewardes, great, after their degree.
And Coridon, Princes gene nought, I tell the playne
But when that they lust, to reuoke agayne.
And so, such thynges, which Princes to the geue:
To the be as sure, as water in a syue.
Thou maist not, of them, make alienacion:
Nor the same cary, vntyll another nacion.
Thou maist not dispose them, after thyne intent,

But

But lyke as thy pynce, is pleased and content.
Than such vaine rycheſſe, can be thynne by no ſkyl,
Syth thou haſte no myght, to ſpende the at thy wil
ye and more ouer, thou haſt no facultee,

The ſame to bequethe, at wyl, whan thou muſt dye.
If thou want yſſue, no man ſhall be thynne heire,
Saue onely the pynce, thus doeth the world fare.
If thou haue yſſue, ſuccede ſhall they not the,

Except with thy pynce, they wyl in ſeruyce be.
How many hath be ſlayne, me nedeth not expreſſe,
Of ſuch as them erſt, auanced to rycheſſe.

So pynces are wont, with rycheſſe ſome to fede,
As we doo our ſwyne, whan we of larde haue nede.
We fede our hogges, them after to deuour,
Whan thei be fatted, by coſtes and labour.

In lyke wyſe pynces, promoteth many one,
And whan thei be riche, thei gnaw them to the bone.
Lyke as Longinus, and Seneca doubtleſſe,
Which as ſaith codrus, were ſlain for their riches
So writeth Pius, whome ſome Eneas call,
A claſſe alleggyn, of famous Iuuenall.

Cozidon.

The more of the court, that thou doeſt count & tell,
The leſſe meliketh, with it to deale or mell.

Coznir.

What hyde Cozidon, yet haſt thou not herde all.

The court is in perth, an ymage infernall.
With out fayre painted, within owgly and vyle,
Thiſ know thei ſurely, which there hath be a while
But of our purpoſe, now for to ſpeake againe,
Fewe pynces gyue that, which to the ſelfe attaine.
Truſt me Cozidon, I tell the by my ſowle,
They robbe ſaint Peter, thei ro to clothe ſaint powle.

And lyke as daily, we bothe maie see and here,
Some pylle the churche, therewith to led the quere.
Whyle men promoted, by such rapine are glad,
The wretchedes pylled, mourne, and be wo and sad.
And many heires, lyue giltyesse in distresse,
Whyle vnworthy, hath honour and richesse.
But such byle gyftes, maie not be true plainly,
Nor yet possessed, by lawe rightwisly.
And sith fewe roumes, of lordly dignitee,
Gewonne, or holden, with right and equitee.
Saie what thyng haue thei, to geue by lawe & right,
Sith their chiefe trefure, is won by wroōgful might
Whence come their iewel, their coine & cloth of price
Saue most by rapine, and sell yng of iustice.
Els of saint Peters, or Christes patrimony,
Now fewe be founders, but confounders be many.
These be no gyftes, true, honest, nor laudable :
Neither to the geuer, nor taker profitable.
These men call gyftes, of none vtilitee,
Which thus procedeth, of fals iniquitee.
Than leaue we this vice, whyle all good men it hate,
For couetous, with coyne, be nener satiate.
I harde syr Sampson saie, but this other daie,
That Jerom, & Seneke, doeth both this sētece saie:
That couetous wretches, not onely want that thyng,
Which thei neuer had, in tytle nor keepng.
But that which thei haue also, thei want and faile,
Syth thei it haupng, of it haue none auaille.
And as I remembre, olde Codrus saied also,
That gold nought helpeth, whan we must hence go
Skant haue we pleasure of it; while we here tary,
And none can his store, nor glozy with hym tary.
Thus ought we to lyue, as haupng all in store,

But

But nought possessyng, or carryng nought therfore.
hat shuld chrysten men, seke farther for richesse,
Hauyng fode and clothe, it is enough doubtlesse.
And these maie our lord, geue vnto vs truly,
Without princes seruice, or courtly misery.
Thus fynde we in court, playne no richesse at all,
Or elles fynde we such, with care continuall.
That it were better, no richesse to haue founde,
Than for false treasure, in thraldom to be bounde.
Coridon.

¶ Loke vp mate Cornix, beholde in to the west,
These wyndy cloude s, vs thretne some tempest.
My clothes be thyn, my shepe be shorne newe,
Such storme might fall, y^e bothe might after rewe.
Dyue we our flockes, vnto our poore cotage,
To morow of court, we maie haue more language.
This daie hast thou tolde, and proued openly,
That all such courtiers, doeth lyue in mysery.
Which serue in the court, for honour, laude, or fame,
And myght or power, thou proued hast this same.
And that all thei lyue, Depest in distresse,
Which serue ther, to wyn vaine treasure or riches.
As for the other two, and yf ought more remaine,
Thou maiest tell to morow, when we tourne again.
Cornix.

¶ I graunt Coridon, take vp thy bottell sone,
Lesse is the burthen, now that the drynke is done.
Lo here is a spozte, our bottell is contrary,
To a cowes vdder, and I shall tell the why.
With a full vdder, retourneth home the cowe,
So doeth not the bottell, as it appereth nowe.
Coridon, we must haste, in our iourney make,
Or els shal the storme, vs and our shepe ouertake.
¶ Thus endeth the first egloge.

There begynneth the second egloge,
of the miseries of courtiers.

Coridon.

How tell this Cornix, why tarried thou so long,
This is y.iiii. daie, some thig is w the wrong.
Els some perturbation, of household busynesse,
Unto thy pasture hath made the tende the lesse.

Cornix.

Codrus, the richest shepherde of our coste,
Which of his weethers, is wont hym selfe to b oste,
Unto a banket, frendly inuited me,
The same daie, after I dyd departe fro the.
Whyle I hym helped, his gesses for to chere,
That hath me caused, so lately to be here.

Coridon.

Who fatly fareth, with costly meate and drynke,
For warke behofull, doeth littell care or thynke.
Whan full is the wombe, the bones wolde haue rest,
Fye on such surfait, faire temperaunce is best.
My wyues grate hen, one egge laied every daie,
My wife fed hyr well, to cause hyr two to laye.
But whan she was fatte, than layed she none at all,
I trowe that lyke chaunce, be vnto the befall.
For now of thy flocke, thou hast no mynde nor care,
Sith tyme thy wittes, were dilled with fat fare.

Cornix.

Not so Coridon, for whan I soupe at home,
I oft go to bed, with faynt and hungry wombe.
Than I ye I slombryng, to wynn in sleape I thynke,
That same which I lost, for lacke of meate & drynk
But whan I am fedde, than slepe I steadfastly,
And after short rest, than worke I lustily.

Coridon.

Coridon.

☞ A byrde well ingorged, kepes well her nest,
A full belly asketh, a bed full of rest.

Coznix.

☞ That is, when diet, exceedeth temperaunce,
Then foloweth flouth, and all misgouernaunce.
As braulping, bablpng, discorde, and lecherp,
Blasphemypng, lyng, crakypng, and peritury.
But as touchypng me, because I want at home,
When I am a brode, I furnysh wele my wombe.
Yet more I take not, then nature may sustayne,
And then, soze worke I, it to digest agayne.
So dyd I with Codrus, tyll I am fatigate.

Coridon.

☞ I wist well, somethypng, made the to come so late
We lyst no longer, to commune of excessse,
But tell me Coznix, what wast thy busynesse.

Coznix.

☞ The ryuer began, the bankes to ouer flow:
At byuers partes, where as the grounde was low.
For myght of water, wyll not our leyser byde,
We sayn were, our shepe, for the tyme to set a syde.
And both day and nyght, to put to our diligence,
For to ouercome, the floudes violence.
Strengthypng our bankes, & heighthypng them agayn
Which were abated, with floudes of great rayne,

Coridon.

☞ The earth, in this poynt, is lyke maners of men,
From hye ground, water, descendeth to the fen.
The hye mountaynes, of water, them discharge,
And lade the ryuers, with floudes great and large.
Agayne, the ryuers, dischargeth them lyke wyse,
And chargeth the sea: so mennes commen gyse,

As alway

It is alway to lay, the burthen of the sacke,
which them sore greueth, vpon some othre backe.
Coridon.

Nothing is truer, then is this of the sayde:
It is a true prouerbe, and pretely conuayde.
Coridon.

But now thou arte come, I pray the hertely,
Begynne where thou leste, of Courtiers misery.
The heauen is cleare, the cloudes cleane away:
which is a token, of caulme and pleasaunt day;
The poynted byrdes, with pleasunt tune syng,
The dewy flowers, freshly doth smyle and spring.
All thyng reioyseth. eche thyng doth nature kepe,
Then were it great shame, to vs to snozte & clepe.
By mery talkyng, long season semeth short:
In frendly speache, is solace and conforzte.

Corin.

As I remembre, we spake last of rycheffe,
Now talke we of lust, of voluptuousnesse.
Forsoth, some wretches, of maners byle and rude.
Haue counted in lust, most hye beatitude.
And namely the secte, which folow epicure:
which shamefull secte, doth to this day indure.
Whom the Philosophers, and clarkes now a dayes,
Dispyle with wordes, yet folow they his wayes.
For what is that clark, or prelate in honour,
which cleane dispyleth, all temporall pleasour.
And therfore perchaunce, if anye suche there be,
Dispyling to looke, on fayrnesse or beautie.
Dispyling odoures, or sapour dilicate,
And pleasaunt touchyng, dispyling in lyke rate.
Some call them happy, which can such thyng exclude
But no men count them, of maners dull and rude.

For two dyuers wayes, both mannes lyfe contayne.
The one of vertue, of diligence and payne:
The other of lust, of pleasure, myrth and rest.
The fyrst dispisyng, men count the second best.
The way of vertue, is rough and desolate,
With weede and thoznes thyr, for all men it hate.
Few it frequenteth, or folow in regarde,
For the fyrst entyre, to them appeareth harde.
The way of pleasure, is playne and euident,
And greatly woyme, for many it frequent:
The harde way of vertue, at ende hath quyetnesse,
The plaine way of pleasure, hath daunger & distresse
Yet where one haunteth, the passage of vertue,
For that one .iiii. score, their lustes doth insue.

Coridon.

These mattiers be hye, and semeth diffuse,
Draw to our purpose, cause me no longer muse.

Cornix.

Though I be poore, and here nothyng set by,
Yet haue I for this, sene some philosophye.
But the lacke of vse, hurteth all science.
And wretched thraldome, is enuy to prudence.
What tyme the persone, is counted as abiecte,
Then langour maketh, the wyt of small effecte.
A famous doctoz, is blynded among fooles,
Onely his valour, is clearly in the scooles.
A precious stone, well cou. hed in your golde,
Is bright and comely, and goodly to beholde.
Throw it in the myre, then is the beauty gone,
And hyd for the tyme, both of the golde and stone.
For lacke of vlyng, a sworde earst glased bright,
With rust is eaten, made foule, and blacke to syght.
Byght to my reason, sometyme fresh to deuise,

Is now made rusty, for lacke of exercise.

Coridon.

¶ By this disputyng, thou maist scoure away the rust.
Retourne now to speake, of pleasure and of lust.

Cornix.

¶ Many blynde wretches, byde in the Court labour
There wenyng to wynn, their lustes and pleasure.

But it is a wonder, and matter cheife of all,
To speake of their folly, and appetite rurall.

But fyrst let vs talke, what pleasure is there sene,
Which the fyue wyttes, begynnynge at the open,

Coridon.

¶ That is trouth Cornix, right many thynges be,
Which men haue pleasure, and great delyte to see.

And these in the courte, be most habundance,

Cornix.

¶ Nay, there hath the syght, no maner of plesance.
And that shall I proue, long tyme ear it be nyght.

Some men deliteth, beholdyng ment of syght.

¶ O goodly knyghtes, in pleasaunt apparayle,

¶ O sturdy souldyers, in bryght harnesse or mayle.

¶ O an armie ready, arrayed to the warre,

¶ O to see them syght, so that he stand a farre.

Some glad is to see, these Lades beauteous,

Goodly appoynted, in clothynge sumptuous.

A nombze of people, appoynted in lyke wyse,

In costly clothynge, after the newest gysle.

Sportes, disguyfynge, fayze coursers mount & prauce

¶ O goodly Lades, & knyghtes syng and dance.

To see fayze houses, and curious picture,

¶ O pleasaunt hangyng, or sumptuous besture.

Of sylke, of purpure, or golde most orient,

And other clothynge, dyuers and excellent.

By curious byldyng, and palaces rofall,
 Or chapels, temples, faire and substanciall.
 Images grauen, or baultes curious,
 Gardens and medowes, or place delicious.
 Forrestes, parkes, well furnished with bere,
 Colde pleasant streames, or welles faire and clere
 Curious conduites, or shadowed mountaines,
 Sweete pleasant valleys, laundes, other plains.
 Houndes, and such other thynges, manifolde:
 Some men take pleasure, and solace to beholde.
 But all these pleasures, be much moze iocunde,
 To priuate persones, which not to court be bound.
 Than to such other, which of necessitee,
 Are bounde to the court, as in captiuitie.
 For they which be bounde to prynces, without faile,
 When thei must nedes, be present in batayle.
 There shal they not be at large, to see the sight,
 But as souldiours, in the middes of the fight.
 To runne hert and thert, sometyme his foe to smite,
 And oftymes wounded, herein is small delite.
 And moze must he thynke, his body to defende,
 Than for any pleasure, about hym to intende.
 And oft is he faint, and beaten to the grounde,
 It rown in such sight, smal pleasure maie be founde.
 As for faire ladyes, clothed in sylke and golde,
 In court at thy pleasure, thou canst not beholde.
 At thy prynces pleasure, thou shalt them onely see,
 Than such shalt thou see, which littell set by the.
 Whose shape and beautee, maie so inflambe thy hart,
 That thought a langour, maie cause the for to smart
 For a small sparcle, maie kende lone certaine,
 But scantly Seruene, maie quenche it cleene againe
 And beautee byndeth, and causeth man to set,

His harte on that thyng, which he shall neuer get.
To see men clothed, in silkes pleasantly,
It is small pleasure, and oft causeth enuy.
Whyle thy leane Iade, halteth by thy syde,
To see another, vpon a courser ryde.
Though he be neither gentylman, nor knyght,
Nothyng is thy fortune, thy harte can not be light.
As touchyng sportes, and games of pleasure,
To syng, to reuell, and other daliaunce.
Who that will truly, vpon his lord attende,
Vnto such pleasures, he seldom maie entende.
Palaces, pictures, and temples sumptuous,
And other byldyng, bothe gay and curious.
These maie marchauntes, moze at their pleasure see.
Than such as in court, be bounde alwaie to be.
Syth kynges, for most part, passe not their regyons,
Thou seest now Citees, of foreyn nacions.
Such outward pleasures, maie the people see,
So maie not courters, for lacke of lybertee.
As for these pleasures, of thynges variabe,
Which in the feldes apereth delectable.
But seldom season, maiest thou obtaine respite,
The same to beholde, with pleasure and delyte.
Sometyme the courter, remaineth halfe the yere,
Close within walles, much lyke a prysoner.
To make escapes, some seldome tyme are wont,
Saue whē their princes, hath pleasure for to hunt
Or els otherwise, them selfe to recreate,
And than this pleasure, shal thei not loue, but hate.
For than shal thei forth, most namely to thy paine,
Whan thei in myndes, wolde at home remaine.
Other in the frost, hayle or els snowe,
Or whan sum tempest, or mighty wynd doeth blowe

Or els in great heate, and feruour excellyle,
But close in houses, the most parte wast their lyfe.
Of colour faded, and cloyed nere with dust,
This is of courtiers, the top, and all the lust.

Coridon.

What yet maie thei syng, & with faire ladies dauce
Bothe common and laugh, herein is some pleasace.

Corinix.

Alas nay Coridon, that pleasure is but smal,
Some are not content: what mā wyll pleasure call.
For some in the daunce, by pynchet by the hande,
Which gladly wolde see hym stretched in a bande.
Some galand seeketh, his fauour to purchase,
Which playne abhorreth, for to beholde his face.
And styl in dauncyng, most parte inclineth he,
To one much byler, and more abiect than he.
No date ouer passeth, but that in court, men fynde,
A thousand thinges, to vex and greue their mynde.
Almaie thy foes, are present in thy syght,
And often so great is their degre and might.
That nedes must thou kys y hand, which did y harme
Though thou woldeste it, cut gladly from the arme.
And bresely to speake, if thou to court resort,
If thou see one thyng, of pleasure or comfort.
Thou shalt see many, before or thou departe,
To thy displeasure, and pensyvenesse of hert.
So fyndeth thy sight there, more of bytternesse,
And of displeasure, then pleasure and gladnesse.

Coridon.

As touchyng the sight, now se I cleere and plaine,
That men in the court, shall fynde but care & pain.
But yet me thynketh, as daily doeth apere,
That men in the court, maie pleasant thinges here

And by such meanes, haue delectacion,
 Whyle thei heretidynge, and communicacion.
 And all the chaunces, and euery neweltee,
 As well of our coste, as farre beyond the sea.
 There men make here some, that comen of wisdomes,
 For of men wisest, within the court be some.
 There be recounted, and of men learned tolde,
 Famous chronicles, of actes great and olde.
 The worthy dedes, of princes excellent,
 To moue yonge princes, such artes to frequent.
 For whan wyse men dare not, bad princes blame,
 For their misliuyng, Menalcas saith this same.
 Of other princes, then laude thei the vertue,
 To styre their lordes, such liuyng to ensue.
 And whyle they commende princes, vnworth help,
 To be commendable, thei warne them secretly.
 All this maie courters, in court oft tymes here,
 And also songes oft tymes, swete and clere.
 The byrde of Cornewayle, the Crane, and the byte,
 And mo other lyke, to here it is delyte.
 Warblyng of their tunes, at pleasure and at wyll,
 Though some be busy, which haue but littell skyll.
 There men make here, much other melody,
 In sound resembling, an heauenly harmony.
 Is this not pleasure, thei thinke no mirth is skant,
 Where no reioysyng, of mynstrelly doeth want.
 The baggepyper or lydell, to vs is delectable:
 Then is their solace, more greatly commendable.
 Cornis.
 Thou art deceaued, and so be many mo,
 Which for such pleasure, vnto the court woll go.
 But for these also, I must fynde remedy,
 Which due to the court, for lust of melody.

They be mad fooles, which to reioyce their cares:
 Wyllyue in court, moze dzedeful then with beares
 In steade of pleasure, suche fynde but heynesse,
 They heare small good, but muche unhappynesse.
 As touchyng tthynges, which thou durst first abiecte,
 There muche thynges is tolde, false & of none effect
 And moze displeasure, shall wysemen in them fynde,
 Then ioye or pleasure, to confort of their mynde.
 These be tthynges, in court, most comunly,
 Or Citty taken, warre, fraude, or tyranny.
 Good men subdued, or els by malpceslayne,
 And bad in their dede, haue victorie and raygne.
 Of spoilyng, murder, oppression and rappine,
 How law and iustyce, soze falleth to ruyne.
 Among the courtiers, suche newelties be tolde,
 And in meane season, they laugh, both yong & olde.
 Whyle one recounted, some dede abhominable,
 Such other wretches, repaire it commendable.
 But men of wysdome, well learned in Scripture,
 Which talke of maners, or secretes of nature.
 Of histories, their disputacion,
 Is sweetely caused, with adulation.
 They cloke the trouthe, their Princes to content,
 To purchase fauour, and mynde beniuolent.
 In sometyme, Poetes, or Oratours orate,
 Make orisons, before some great estate.
 It is not so sweete, to heare them talkyng there,
 Where as their myndes, be troubled oft with feare.
 As in the scooles, where they at libertye,
 Withouth all flatterynge, may talke playne veritie.
 For truly, in Court, all communicacion,
 Must nedes haue spice, of adulation.
 Suche as be gyltye, a non be mad and wroth,

If one be so bolde, plainly to say the trouth.
 Therfore yll lyuers, ofte tymes lauded be,
 And men disprayed, which loue honestye.
 And true histories, of actes auncient,
 Befalsely tourned, some Princes to content.
 And namely, when suche histories testifie,
 Blame, or dishonour, touchyng his progeny.
 Then new histories, beseyned of the olde.
 With flattery paynted, with lyes manyfolde,
 Then some good scoler, without promotion,
 Hearyng suche glosed, communicacion:
 Dare not be so bolde, suche lyng to gainsay.
 But laugh in his mynde, yet at the foole he may.
 And also in Court, Authours not veritable,
 And least of valour, are counted most laudable.
 But Linius, Salust, and Quintus Curcius.
 Justinian, Plutarke, and Suetonius:
 With suche noble Authours, and many other mo.
 In this tyme Courtiers, wyll nothyng to do.

Coridon.

Corin, wher hast thou these straunge names sought
 Corin.

I sought not in youth, the world all for nought,
 Mynstrelles. and syngers, be in the court lyke wyse,
 And that of the best, and of the frenche guyse.
 Such men with Princes, be sene moze acceptable,
 Then men of wyldome, and clerkes venerable.
 For Philosophers, Poetes and Oratours,
 Be seldome in court, had in so great honours.
 When thou saynest would he are, such folke play or syng,
 Nothyng shalbe done, of them, at thy lykyng.
 But when it pleaseth, the Princes them to call,
 Their sounde ascendeth, to chaumbre and to hall.

when

When thou woldest sleape, or doo some businesse,
 Then is their musyrke, to the vnquietnesse.
 Yet byde their clamor and sounde, thou neades must,
 To thy great trouble, and no pleasure or lust.
 This is of syngers, the very propertye:
 Alway they coneynt, despyred for to bee.
 And when their frendes, wold heare of their connyng
 Then are they neuer, disposed for to syng.
 But if they begynne, despyred of no man,
 Then shew they all, and moze then they can.
 And neuer leaue they, tyll men of them be wery,
 So in their concept, their connyng they set by.
 And thus, when a man, wold gladlyest them heare,
 Then haue they disdayne, in presence to appeare.
 And then, when a man, wold take his ease and rest,
 Then none can boyde them, they be in place so prest
 Yet neadest must thou, eschew season principall,
 Rewarde suche people, els art thou nought at all.
 For their displeasure, to the and paynes harde,
 Lo, such is the court, thou must geue them rewarde
 Besyde this, in court, men heare scant other thyng:
 Saue chidyng, bzaulyng, bannyng and cursyng.
 Eche one is busye, his felow for to blame:
 There is blasphemynge, of Goddes holy name.
 Deuisynge othes, with pleasure for the nones.
 And often they speake, together all at ones.
 So many clamors, ble they, at euery tyde,
 That scant mayst thou heare, thy felow by thy syde
 They boast their synne, as past the feare of shame:
 Detracting other men, faulte in the same.
 One laudeth his lande, where he was bred & bozne:
 At others contrary, haunyng disdayn & scozne.
 On eche syde soundeth, foule speache of ribaudry:

Wauncyng and boastyng, of synne and bilany.
No measure, maner, nor shame, nor reuerence :

Hanie they in wordes, in secrete or presence,
A rusty ribaude, more viler then a sow :

Hath in the courte, more audience then thou .
Some sweare, some bzall, some sclaunder & backbyte
To heare such maners, can be but small delyte:
Excepte a wretche, wyl confor me him to that sozte :

Then in suche hearing, his byndnesse hath confort.
These scabbed scolpions, may do and say their wyl :

When men of worship, for very shame are styll.
Who that hath wylsome, wolde rather deasse to bee,
Then daily to heare, suche vile enoymitee.

Coridon.

I see in hearyng, men in the court haue no ioye:
Yet is it pleasure, to handle, and to toy .

With Calatea, Licozis or Phillis :

Peera, Malkyn, or lusty Testilis.

And other dames, if corne be in the pouche :

Men may haue pleasure, them for to fele & touche,
In courte, hath Venus, her power principall :

For women, blesch to lone them most of all .
Which boldly boasteth, or that can syng or get :

Which are well decked, with large bushes set .
Which hath the maistry, ofte tyme in tournament:
Or that can gambaude, or daunce feate and gent .

Or thac can alway, be mery without care :
With suche can women, most cheifly deale and fare.
So may these Courters, in court, some pleasure wyn
Onely in touchyng, and felyng their soft skyn.

Coznix.

Thou arte abused, for sothe it is not so :
Louers in Court, haue most of care and wo.

Some women loue them, inflamed by vyle lust,
 But yet veraiſe fewe, dare them beleue or truſt.
 For wel knowe women, that courters chat and bable
 They boſte their ſynnes, and euer be vniſtable.
 After their pleaſure, than to the olde adiewe,
 Than be thei buſy, to puruey for a newe.
 This knowe all women, ſome by experience,
 So fewe to courters, geue truſt or confidence.
 Except it be ſuch, as forſeth not hyr name,
 Or paſſed all feare, rebuke, or worldly ſhame.
 Than ſuch a brothell, her kepeth not to one,
 For many courters, enſueth hyr alone.
 And none ſhalt thou loue, of this vyle ſort pardie,
 But that ſhe loueth another, moze than the.
 And than as often, as partying felowes mete,
 They chyde and bzaule, though it be in the ſtrete.
 Hated and ſtryfe, and ſyghting cometh after,
 Effuſion of bloode, and oftentyme manſlaughte.
 Thou canſt no woman, kepe ſtrept and nygardly,
 To whome many one, doeth promeſſe largely,
 Another ſhall come, moze freſhe and gaily decte,
 Than hath he fauour, and thou art cleane abiecte.
 Whan thou haſte waſted thy money, name and ſede,
 Than ſhalt thou haue nought, ſaue a mocke for thy
 Thou art the nynthe, wenyng to be alone, (mede.
 For none of this ſorte, can be content with one.
 yet ſhall ſhe faine hyr chaſt, as Penolope,
 Though ſhe loue twenty, as well as ſhe doeth the.
 And eche for his tyme, ſhall haue a mery loke,
 She ſigheſh, as ſhe great ſorowe for them toke.
 With fained teares, ſhe moiſteth oft thy lappe,
 Tyll tyme that thy purſe, be taken in a trappe.
 And if ſhe perceaue that all thy coyne is gone,
 Than

Than daunce at the doore, adieu gentill John.
And oft whan thou goest, to visite thy lemman,
With hyr shalt thou fynde, some other Joly man.
Than shall she make the, for to beleue none other,
But he is her father, her vncle, or her brother.
But plainly to speake, he brother is to the,
If kynred maie ryle, of such iniquitee.
Againe to hyr house, if that thou after come,
Than shalt thou fynde, that she is not at home.
But gone to some other, which for rebuke and shame,
Durst not come to hyr, for hurtynge of his name.

Coridon.

Here is a rule, this doeth excede my mynde,
Who wolde thynke this gyle, to be in womankynde.
But yet man pardie, some be as good with in,
As thei be outward, in beautes of their skyn.
Of this cursed sorte, thei can not beche one,
Some be which kepe them, to onelouer alone.
As Penelope, was to hyr Ulixes,
Thinke on what Codrus, recounted of Lucrese.
Though she not willynge, was falsly violat,
With hyr owne handes, procured she hyr fate.

Corin.

It were a great wonder, among the women all,
If none were partlesse, of lust venerall.
I graunt some chaste, what tyme thei can not chuse,
As whan all men, their company refuse.
Or whan she knoweth, her byce shulde be detect,
Than of misliuyng, avoideth she the sect.
And though in þ world, some womē maist thou fynd,
Which chastely lyue, of their owne propre kynde.
Or that can kepe hyr selfe onely to one,
It is with suche, of pleasure small or none.

To hyr at pleasure, thou canst not resorte,
In pleasure stollen, but small is the conforzte.
either maiest thou long, with such one remaine,
And in shORTE pleasure, departyng in great paine.
To hyr maiest thou come, but onely now and than,
By steeleth and stertes, as priuey as thou can.
To loue and thy lord, maiest thou not serue togyther,
If so thy wot is distract, thou wot not whither.
Thy lord doeth challenge, to hym thy hole seruice,
And the same doeth loue, challenge in like wise.
Not onely it is harde, in the court to saue,
Thy lemman chaste, with hyr pleasure to haue.
But also, it is extreme difficultee,
Thyne owne wyfe, in court, to kepe in chastitee.
For flatter yng wowers, on euery syde appere,
And lusty galandes, of fayre dissimuled chere.
Some promesse golde, and gyftes great or small,
Some hasty galande, is yet befoze them all.
So many wowers, baudes, and brokers,
Flatterers, lyers, and hasty proferers.
Be alwaie in court, that chaste Penelope,
Coude skant among them, preserue her chastitee.
So great temptation, no woman maie resist,
If heauenly power, her might doo not assist.
For craft and coyne, flattery, and instaunce,
Tourneth chaste myndes, to vyle misgouernance.
Though she be honest, yet must thou leaue thy loue,
Syth prynces courtes, continually remoue.
Then wheather she be thy wyfe, or concubyne,
Her care and dolour is great, and so is thyne.
For neither maiest thou, there styll with hyr abyde,
Nor leade her wth the, or kepe hyr by thy syde.
Whan thou art gone, if she behynde remaine,

Than feare the troubleth, with tourmēt & w paine.
Because that the mynde, of women is vnstable,
Alwaie thou donbest, lest she be chaungeable.
And I assure the, if man be out of sight,
The mynde of woman, to returne is beary light.
Oues out of sight, and shortly out of mynde,
This is their maner, appere thei neuer so kynde.
Add to al these, scozne and derision,
Which thou maest suffre, and great suspicion.
Infamy, sclander, and pruey falowshy,
These must thou suffre, without all remedy.
And other daungers mo, than a man can thynke,
Whyle other slepeth, the louer skant doeth wyne.
Who hath these proued, shall none of them desyre,
For children bent, still after dyedeth fyre.
Syth that these thynges, to all men be greuous,
They be to courtes, yet most dammagious.
Most painfull, noious, and plainly importable,
In court them selyng, hath nothyng delectable.
Coridon.

¶ I see the pleasure, of touchyng is but small,
I thought it hony, I see now it is gall.
Now speake on Cornix, I praise the bresely tell,
What ioy haue courters, in tastyng or to smell,
For these two wyttes, in court be recreate,
Elles many wretches, be there infatuate.

Cornix.

¶ The smell and tastyng, partly conioyned be,
And parte disioyned, as I shall tell to the.
For whyle we receaue, some meates delicate,
The smell and tastyng, than bothe be recreate.
The fragraunt odour, and ointment of swete floure,
Onely deliteth, the smell yng with odour.

Of meate delicious, gone is both smell and tast :
When it is chewed, and thorough the gorge past.
But they, which in mouth, haue pleasure principall,
Are beastly fooles, and of liuyng but all.
The famous shepheard, whom Piero dyd beheade :
Them greatly blameth, which beastly vse to feade.
Which, for their wombe, cheise care and laboz take :
And of their bellies, are wont their god to make.

Coridon.

☞ A god of the wombe, that harde I neuer eare:

Coznix,

☞ Coridon, thou arte not to olde for to leare.
I playnly shall now declare, for thy sake :
How beastly glottons, god of their wombes make.
Together men wont, Temples to edifye :
And costly alters, to ordeyne semblably,
To ordeyne ministers, to execute seruyce :
To offre beastes, by way of sacrifice.
To burne in temples, well smellynge ensence,
Glottons to the wombe, do all this reuerence.

Coridon.

☞ They and their goodes, come to confusion :
Which forgeth ydolles, by suche abusion.
But procede Coznix, tell on, in wordes playne :
How all these thynges, they to the wombe ordeyne.
Which is in Templt, the altar and insence,
And the ministers, to do their diligence.
Within the Temple, to kepe alway seruyce :
And to the belly, which is the sacrifice.

Coznix.

☞ To god of the Belly, glottons a Temple make :
Of the smoky kytchen, for temple it they take,
Within this temple, minister bawdy kookes :

And

And yong scollions . with fendes of their lookes .
The solempne aulter , is the boorde oz table :
With dishes charged , twenty in a rable .

The beastes offered , in sacrifice oz hoast :
In dyuers sortes , of sodden and of roast .

The sauce is ensence , oz of the meate the smell :
And of this temple , these be the cheife vessel .

Platers and dysches , moztter and pot crookes ,
Pottes and pestels , broaches and fleshhookes .

And many mo els , than I counte oz tell :

They know them best , which with the kytchyn mel
For god of the wombe , this serupce men prepare :
As for their true God , full lytell is their care .

Coridon .

¶ This lyfe is beastly , and vtterly dampnable :
Cornix .

¶ But yet it is now , reputed commendable .
Princes and commens , and some of religion :

Unto this temple , haue cheife deuocion .

To kookes and tauernes , some early frequent :

Then vnto serupce , of God omnipotent .

Fyrst , serue the belly , then after , serue our Lorde :

Suche is the woꝛlde , though it doo yll accorde .

And suche as delitech , in beastly glotony :

Foloweth the court , supposyng stedfastly .

With meate & with drinke , to stufte well the paunche ,
Whose lust insaciate , no floude of hell can staunche .

And for that Princes vse , coastly meate and wyne :

These fooles suppose , to fede them with as fyne .

To eate and to drinke , as sweete and delicate :

As doth their Princes , oz other great estate .

Lyke wyse as flyes , do folow and thynke warme :

About fat paunches , vnto their bytter harme .

So such men as haue, in glotony conforzte :
To Lordes kytchyns, most busely resorte .
With hongry throttes , yet go they ofte away :
And oft haue the flyes, much greter part then they.
Coridon.

¶ Then tell on Cornix, what conforzt and pleasour ,
When kyndeth in court , in tastynge and sauour .
With meate and drinke , howe they theire wombes fylle .
And whether they speade, at pleasure and at wyll.
Cornix.

¶ To eate and to drinke , then is most ioy and lust :
When men be hongry , or greued sore with thirst .
But oft vnto noone , must thou abyde respitte :
Then touned is hunger, to dogges appetyte .
For playne woode hungry, that tyme is many one :
That some wolde gladly , be gnawynge of a bone .
On which vile curre, haue gnawen on before :
His purse is empty , and hunger is so sore .
Or some, by feblenesse , & weary taryng :
Leaue their appetyte, that they can eate nothyng .
Some other hath eaten , some bread and chese before :
That at their dyner, they lust to eate no more .
Their stomake stopped , and closed with some crust :
From them haue taken, their appetite and lust .
Then other courters, of maners bestiall :
With greedy mouthes, deuoureth more then all .
Thus some at risynge, be fuller then be swyne :
And some for hongre, agayne may syt and dyne .
Sometyme together, must thou bothe dyne and sup :
And sometyme thou dynest , before the sunne be vp .
But if thou refuse , to eate before day lyght ,
Then must thou tary, and fast tyll it be nyght .
To eate or to drinke , then is it small delyte :

When no digestion, hath styed appetyte:
Agayne art thou set, to souper all to late:
Al thyng hath season, which men of court not hate
For neuer shall thy meate, be set to in the season,
Wherof procedeth, muche soze vexacion.
Ofte age inestare, departed sodeynly:
And lusty galaundes, departeth semblably.
Hereof procedeth, the bomyt and the stone:
And other sycknesse, many mo then one.
Sometyme is the wyne soure, watery and so bad:
That onely the colour, myght make a man be mad.
Colde without measure; or hote as hogle pyffe:
Bad is the colour, the sauour baddest is.
But if in the court, thou drinke both beere and ale:
Then is the colour, troubled blacke and pale.
Thynke not to drinke it, in glasse, spurr nor golde:
The one may be stolen, the other can not holde.
Of a trien vessell, then must thou needes drinke:
Olde, blacke & rusty, lately taken from some synke.
And in such vessell, drinke shalt thou often tyme:
Which in the bot home, is full of spych and slyme.
And of that vessell, thou drynkest oft tymys,
In which some states, or dames late dyd pys.
Yet shalt thou not hane, a cup at thy delyte,
To drinke of a lone, at wyll and appetyte.
Coridon in court, I tell the by my soule,
For most parte, thou must drinke, of a comen boule.
And where gresy lypyes, and slimy bearde,
Hath late ben deayyd, to make some man afearde.
On that syde must thou, thy lypyes wash also:
Or els without drinke, from dynner thou must go.
In the meane season, olde wyne, and dearely bought:
Before thy presence, shall to thy wynter be brought.
Whose

Whose sweet and odour, so sweete and maruailous,
 With fragrant sauour, inbauneth all the house.
 As muscadell, caprike, romney, and maluesy,
 From Genes, brought from Grece or Hungary.
 Suche shall he dzyinke, suche shall to hym be brought,
 Thou hast the sauour, thy parte of it is nought.
 Though thou shulde perishe, for veray ardent thyust,
 No droppe thou gettest, for to eslake thy lust.
 And though good wyues, somtyme to the be brought,
 The tast of better, shall cause it to seme nought.
 Oft woldest thou dzyinke, yet darest thou not suppe,
 Tyl tyme thy better, haue tasted of the cuppe.
 No cuppe is filled, tyl dyner halfe be done,
 And some ministers, it counteth than to sone.
 But if thou begyn for dzyinke, to call and craue,
 Thou for thy calling, such good rewarde shalt haue
 That men shall call the, malaperte or dronke,
 Or an abbey loutene, or lymner of a monke.
 But with thy rebuke, yet art thou neuer the nere,
 Whither thou demaunde wyne, palled ale, or bere.
 yet shalt thou not dzyinke, whā thou hast nede & thyust
 The cuppe must thou spare, ay, for thy betters lust.
 Through many handes, shall passe the pece, or cuppes
 Befoze or it come to the, it is all dronke vp.
 And than if a droppe or two, therein remaine,
 To lick the vessell, sometyme thou art full fayne.
 And than at the grounde, some fylth if thou espye,
 To blame the butler, thou gettest but enuy.
 And as men wekely, some holy water poure,
 And ones in a yere, the vessell vse to scoure.
 So cuppes & tankardes, in court as thou maifest thik
 Where in the commons, are vsed for to dzyinke.
 At ones in the yere, empty and made cleane,

And skantly that well, as ostentyme is sene.
For to aske water, thy wynges to alleyn,
Thou shalt fynde no nede, if thou before assaie.
With rynsyng of cuppes, it tempered is before,
Because pure water, perchaunce is no tin store.
Coridon.

Cfye on this maner, such seruice I desyre,
I see that in court, is vncleane penury.
yet here though our drynke, be very thyn and small,
we maie therof haue plenty, whan we call.
And in cleane vessel, we drynke therof pardie,
Take here the bottell Cornix, assaie and see.
Cornix.

Than call for the priest, whan I refuse to drynke,
This ale brewed bentley, it maketh me to wyne.
Coridon.

Thou saiest trouth Cornix, beleue me by the roode,
No hande is so sure, that can alwaie make goode.
But talke of the court, if thou hast any more,
Set downe the bottell, cause some licour in store.
Cornix.

God blesse the brewer, well cooled is my throte,
Now might I for nede, syng higher by a note.
It is bad water, that can not alleyn dust,
And very soure ale, that can not quenche thurst.
How roulet my tonge now, that I wylthout paine,
Now here me, I enter into the court againe.
Beholde in the court, on comen table clothes,
So byle and ragged, that some his dyner lothes.
Touchethem, then shall they vnto thy fingers cleane,
And than must thou wypp, thy handes on thy sleue.
So he, which daily fareth in this gyle,
Is so unbyued, and noperated in such wise.

That

That as many men, as on his skyrtes looke,
Count hym a skollon, or elles a greasy cooke.

Cozidon.

Yet Coznix, againe, all courtynge I despye,
More clenness is kept, within some hogges sty.
But yet mate Coznix, all be not thus I wene,
For some table clothes, be kept white and cleane.
Fyner than sylke, and chaunged euery date,

Coznix.

Cozidon forsothe, it is as thou doest saie.
But these be thynges, mooste chere and principall,
Onely reserued, for greatest men of all.
As for other clothes, which serue the comonte,
Such as I tolde the, or els viler be.
And still remaine thei, vnto the plank cleauping,
So blacke, so bawdy, so foule, and yll seihing.
Of sight and of sent, vile, and abhominable,
Thy skant mate a man, discernethem from y table.
But now here what meate, there nedes ete thou must
And than if thou maiest, to it apply thy lust.
Thy meate in the court, is neither swanne nor heron,
Curlewe nor crane, but cours befe and motton.
Fat porke, or beale, and namely such is bought,
For easier pryce, whan thei be keane and nought.
The flesh is resty, or leane, tough and olde,
Or it come to bozde, vnlauery and colde.
Sometyme thyse sodden, vncleane without tast,
Sauces with coles, and ashes all for haste.
Whan thou it eatest, it smelleth so of smoke,
Than euery morsell, is able one to choke.
Make hunger thy sauce, be thou neuer so pryce,
For there shalt thou fynd, none other sauce ne wyce.
Thy potage is made, with wedes, and with ashes.

And betwene thy tethe, oft tyme the roles crashe.
Sometyme halfe sodden, is bothe thy fleſhe & brothe,
The water and herbes, together be ſo wrothe.
That eche goeth aparte, they cannot well agree,
And oft be thei ſalte, as water of the ſea.

Seldom at cheſe, haſt thou a lytell lyke,
And if thou ought haue, within it ſhall be quicke.
All full of magottes, and lyke to the rainbowe.

Of diuers colours, as redde, grene, and yelow.
On eche ſydegutten, with myle, or with rattes,
Or with vile wormes, with dogges, or w cattes.
Uncleane and ſkurty, and harde as the ſtone,
It lokeſh ſo well, thou woldeſt it were gone.

If thou haue butter, than ſhall it be as yll,
Or worſe than thy cheſe, but hungar hath no ſkyl
And whan that egges, halfe hatched be almoſt,
Than are they for the, laied in the fyre to rooſt.

If thou haue peares, or apples by thou ſure,
Than be thei ſuche, as might no more indure.
And if thou none eate, thei be ſo good and ſphe,
That after dyner, thei ſerue for the ſwoyne.

The oyle for fryng, is for the lampes mete,
A man it chokeſh, the ſauour is ſo ſwete.

• A cordwainers ſhoppe, and it haue equall lent,
Such payne and penance, accordeth beſt to lent.
Such is of this oyle, the ſauour peryllous,
That it might ſerpentes, dryue out of an houſe.
Oft tyme thy ſtomake, it cauſeth to rebuke,
And oft it is ready, the ſodainly co choke.

Of fiſhe in ſome court, thy cheſe and uſed by the,
Is whitping, herping, ſaltfiſhe, and ſtockefiſhe.

If the daie be ſolemne, parchaunce thou maſſe fele,
The taſte and the ſapour, of renche or ele.

Their

Their muddy sauer, shall make thy stomake ake,
 And as for the eele, is cosyn to a snake.
 But if better fysh, or any dyshes more,
 Come to thy parte, it nought was before.
 Corrupte, yll smellyng, and syue dayes olde,
 For sent, thou canst not, receaue it if thou wolde.
 Thy bread is blacke, of yll sapour and tast,
 And harde as a flynt, bicause thou none shuld wast
 That skant be thy teethe, able it to breake,
 Depe it in potage, if thou no myst can make.
 And though whyte and broune, be both at one pryce,
 Whroune shalt thou feede, lest whyte make the nyce.
 The Lordes wyll alway, that people note and see,
 Betwene them and seruauntes, some diuersitee.
 Though it to them, tourne to no profyte at all,
 If they haue pleasure, the seruant shall haue small.
 The dyshes be one, continuyng the yere,
 Thou knowest what meate, before them shal apere.
 This slaketh great parte, of lustes and pleasour,
 Which asketh denties, much dyuerse of sapour.
 On one dyshe daily, neades shalt thou blow,
 Tyll thou be as weary, as dogge of the bow.
 But this myght be suffred, may fortune easely,
 If thou saw not, sweete meates to passe by.
 For this, vnto courtiers, most comenly doth hap,
 That while they haue broune bred & chese i their lap
 On it fast gnawynge, as houndes rauenous,
 Anone by them passeth, of meate delicious.
 And costly dyshes, a score may they tell,
 Their greedy gorges, are rapt, with the smell.
 The deintious dyshes, which passe thorough the hall,
 It weare great labour, for me to name them all.
 And Coridon, all if I wolde, it were but shame,
 To

For simple shepheardes, suche deintyes to name.
 With broune bread & chese, the shepheard is content:
 And scant see we fysh, past ones in the lent.
 And other seasons, softe chese is our foode:
 With butter and creamie, then is our dyner goode,
 And mylke is our myrth, and spectall appetyte:
 In aples and plummeg, also is our delyte,
 These fyll the belly all, if we hongre sore:
 When mā hath inough, what nederh him haue more
 But when these courtiers, spt on the benches ydle:
 Smellyng those dyshes, they bpte on the bydle.
 And then is their payne, and angrefell as gall,
 When all passeth by, and they haue nought at all.
 What fysh is of sauour, sweete and delicious:
 While thou sore hōgrest, thy prince hath plentions
 Rosted or sodden, in sweete hearbes and wyne,
 Or fryed in oyle, most saporous and fyne.
 Such fysh to beholde, and none therof to tast:
 Pure enuy causeth, hys hart neare to brast.
 Then seyng his dyshes, of flesh new agayne,
 Thy mynd hath tozment, yet with much gret paine
 Well maist thou smell, the pastys of a harte:
 And dyuers deinties, but nought shalbe thy parte.
 The crane, the fesant, the peacocke and curlew,
 The parrerich, the plouer, bittoze and heronsew.
 Eche byrde of the ayre, and beastes of the ground,
 At princes tables, shalt thou beholde habounde,
 Seasoned so well, in licour redolent,
 That the hall is full, of pleasaunt smell and sent.
 To see such dyshes, and smell the sweete odour,
 And nothyng to tast, is bitter displeasour.

Coridon.

¶ Yes, somewhat shal come, who can his tyme abyde
 And

And thus may I warne, my felow by my syde.
What, eate soft dromio, and haue not so great hast,
For shortly we shall, some better morsell tast.
Soft man, and spare thou, a corner of thy belly,
Anone shalbe sent vs, some lytell dyshe of ielly.
A legge of a swan, a partrich or twayne,

Corinix.

I Nay nay Coridon, thy bidyng is in vayne.
Thy thought shall banyshe, such dyshees be not small,
For comen courters, of them hath nought at all.
To thy next felow, some morsell may be sent,
To thy displeasure, great anguysh and tourment.
Wherby in thy mynde, thou maist suspect and trow:
Him more in fauour, and in conceyt then thou.
And sometyme to the, is sent a lytell crap,
With sauour therof, to take the in a trap.
Not to aley, thy hunger and desyre,
But by the sweetnesse, to set the more on fyre.
Besyde all this sorow, increased is thy payne,
When thou beholdest, befoze thy Lorde paine mayne
A baker chosen, and waged well for the,
That onely he shoulde, that businesse applye.
If thou our manchet, dare handle other touche,
Bicause of dutye, to thrust it in thy pouche.
Then shall come sloven, the bash on the eare,
Thou shrinkest for shame, thy bread leauyng there
Coridon.

I My bagge full of stony, and hooke in my hande,
Should geue me a courage, such boldly to withstand
Corinix.

I Not so Coridon, they fare lyke to currees,
Together they cleaue, more fast then doo burres.
Though eche one with other, oft chyde, brall & fyght.
A. i. Agaynst

Agaynst a poore strainger, they shew al their might
 It is a great mastery, for Coridon alone,
 To stryue or contende, with many mo then one.
 A straw for thy wysdome, and artes liberall,
 For fauor and coyne, in courte, woorketh all.
 Thy Princes apples, be sweete and orient,
 Such as Minalchas, vnto Amintas sent.
 Or suche as Agros, dyd in his keepyng holde,
 Of fragrant sapour, and colour lyke pure golde.
 In fauour of whom, thou only hast deelyte,
 But if thou woldest dye, no morsell shalt thou byte.
 His chese is costly, fat, pleasant and holosome,
 Though thy teeth water, thou eatest not a crome.
 Upon the sewer, well maist thou gale and gape,
 Whyle he is fylled, thy hunger is a iape.
 Before thy Soueraigne, shall the karuer stande,
 With dyuers iesture, his knyfe in his hande.
 Dismembryng a crane, or somewhat deintious,
 And though his parsell, be fat and plentious.
 Though but a dyuerse, thou see him cut and kerue,
 Thou gettest no gobbet, though thou shuld dye and
 In all that thy syght, hath delectacion, (sterue.
 Thy gredy tastyng, hath great veracion.
 What man will beleue, that such a wretched thyng
 A courter may fynde; his pleasure or liuyng.
 What man is he, but rather wolde assent,
 That in such liuyng, is anguysh and tourment.
 May not their tourment, be well compared thus,
 Vnto the tourment, of wretched Tantalus.
 Which, as sayd faustus, whose sayyng I may thynke,
 In flood and frutes, may neither eate nor drinke.
 Auncient Poetes, this Tantalus do sayne,
 In hell condemned, to suffre such payne.

That

That by to the chyn, in wasser doeth he stande,
 And so his vpper lyppe, vetch apples a thousand.
 But whan he wolde drynke, the water doeth descend
 And whan he wolde eate, the apples doeth ascend.
 So bothe fruite and water, them kepeth a stent,
 In middes of pleasure, haue courtiers lyke tozmet
 But now to tell table, for to retourne againe,
 There hast thou yet, another greuous paine.
 That whan other talke, and speake what thei wyl,
 Thou dare not whisper, but as one dome be styl.
 And if thou ought speake, priuey or aperte,
 Thou art to bely, and called malaperte.
 If thou call for ought, by worde, signe, or becke,
 Thā Jacke w the bushe, shal tant the with a checke
 One reacheth the bread, with grutche & murmyng
 If thou of some other, demaunde any thyng.
 He hath at thy askyng, great scozne and disdaine,
 Because þ thou sittest, whtle he standeth in payne.
 Sometyme the seruauntes, be blynde and ignozant,
 And spy not what thyng, vpon the bord doth want
 If thei see a faute, thei will it not attende,
 By negligent scozne, disdainyng it to mende.
 Sometyme thou wantest, other breade or wyne,
 But nought dare thou ask, if thou shold neuer dine
 Demaunde salt, trenchour, spone, or other thyng,
 Than art thou importune, and euer more crauyng
 And so shall thy name, be spred to thy payne,
 For at the, shall all haue scozne and disdaine.
 Sometyme art thou ecked of them, at the table,
 But much moze art thou of the seruyng rable.
 The hangry seruers, which at the table stande,
 Ateuery morsell, hath eye vnto thy hande,
 So much on thy morsell, distract is thy mynde,

Thei gape, whan thou gapest, oft bityng the wynd.
Because that thy leaupnges, is onely their parte,
If thou fede the well, soze greued is their hart.
Namely of a dyshe, costly and deintuous,
Eche pece that thou cuttest, to them is tedious.
Than at the cupborde, one doeth another tell,
Se how he fedeth, lyke the deuell of hell.
Our parte he eateth, nought good shall we taste,
Than praiſe they to god, that it be thy laste.

Coridon.

I had leauer Corrix, go souperlesse to bedde,
Than at such a feaste, to be so bestedde.
Better it is, with chese and breade one to fyll,
Than with great deintee, with anger, and yll will.
Or a small handfull, with rest and sure pleasance,
Than twenty dishes, with wrothfull countenance.

Corrix.

That can Amintas, recorde and testify,
But yet is in court, moze paine and misery.
Brought in by dishes, the table to fyll,
But not one is brought, in order at thy will.
That thou wolde haue fyrst, and louest principall,
Is brought to the borde, oft tymes last of all.
With breade and rude meate, whan thou art faciate,
Than cometh dishes, most swete and delicate,
Than must thou, other despise them vtterly,
Or to thy hurte, surfet, ensuyng glotony.
But if fortune, as seldome doeth befall,
That at begynnynge, come dishes best of all.
Or thou hast tasted, a morsell, other twaine,
Thy dyshe out of syght, is taken sone againe.
Slowe be the seruers, in seruyng in alwaie,
But swyft be they, after takynge thy meate alwaie.

A speciall custome, is bled them amonge,
 No good dyshe, to suffre on bozde to be longe.
 If the disshe be pleasant, other fleshe oz fysh,
 Ten handes at ones, swarme in the disshe.
 And if it be fleshe, ten knyues shall thou see,
 Hanglyng the fleshe, and in the platter flee.
 To put there thy hande, is peryll without fayle,
 Without a gantelet, oz els a gloue of mayle.
 Among all these knyues, thou one of bothe must haue
 Oz els it is harde, thy fyngers hole to saue.
 Oft in suche disshes, in court it is sene.
 Some leaue their fyngers, eche knyfe is so kene.
 On a fynger gnaweth, some hast y gloton
 Supposyng it a pece, of befe oz of motton.
 Besyde these in court, no paines shalt thou see,
 At bozde be men set, as thicke as thei maie be.
 The platters shall passe, oft tymes to and fro,
 And ouer the holders, and head shall they go.
 And oft all the brothe, and lycour fat,
 Is spilt on thy gowne, thy bonet and thy hat.
 Sometyme art thou thrust, for littell ronme & place,
 And sometyme thy felow, reboketh in thy face.
 Betwene disshe and disshe, is tarry tedious,
 But in y meane tyme, though thou haue paine gre-
 Neither maiest thou ryle, cough, spyt, oz nese, (uous
 Oz take other easemēt, lest thou thy name maie lese
 For such as this wyle, to ease them are wont,
 In nombze of rascaldes, courters them count.
 Of meate, is none houre, noz time of certein tee,
 Yet from begynnnyng, absent if thou bee.
 Other shalt thou lose thy meate, and kysse the poste,
 Oz if by fauour, thy souper be not loste.
 Thou shalt at least waie, rebukes soure abyde,

For not attendyng and failyng of thy tyde.
Onyons or garlyke, which stamped Testyles,
For yet swete lekes, maist thou not eate pwyg.

Cozidon.

What forsake garlyke, lekes, and butter swete,
Say rather, wolde I go to Ely on my fete.
We count these deintyes, and meates beary good,
These be chese dishes, and rurall mennes food.

Cozuir

Who court frequenteth, must loue the dysches swete
And lordes dysches, to hym are nothyng mete.
As for our meates, they maie not eate I thynke,
Because great lordes, maie not abyde the synke.
But yet lordes syege, and rurall mennes ordure,
Be lyke of sauour, for all their meates pure.
As for commen meates, of them pleasour is small,
Because one serupce, of them continuall.
Allaieth pleasure, for voluptuositee,
Wyll haue of dishes, chaunge and diuersitee.
And whan thou hast smelled meate, more delicious,
Thy course daily fare, to the ist tedious.
Now iudge Cozidon, if herein be pleasure,
We thynke it anguyshe, sorow and doloure.
Continuall care, and vtter misery,
Affliction of herte, and wretched penury.
But many fooles thinke it is nothyng so,
Whyle they see courtiers, outwarde so gaily go.
The courser seruantes, cloth, syluer and golde,
And other lyke thynges, delyte they to beholde.
But nought they regarde, the inwarde misery,
Which them oppresseth, in court continually.
And as saieth Seneke, some count them fortunat,
Which outwarde appere, well clothed or ornat.

But

But if thou behelde, their inwarde wretchednesse
 Their daily trouble, their fruitlesse businesse.
 Then woulde thou count them, bothe vile & miserable
 Their rounne and office, both false and deceauable.
 For lyke as men paynt, olde walles ruinous,
 So be they paynted, their lyfe contrarious.
 And therfore all they, which serue in court gladly,
 For tast or smellyng, or spice of glory.
 Haue lyke more wretched, then burgeis or merchant,
 Which with their wyues, haue loue & lyfe pleasant.
 Shepheards haue not, so wretched lyfe as they,
 Though they lyue poozely, on cruddes chese & whey.
 On apples, plommes, and drinke clere water depe.
 As it were Lorde, reinyng among their shepe.
 The wretched lazar, with clinkyng of his bell,
 Hath lyfe, which doth the courters lyfe excell.
 The caityf begger, hath meate and libertee,
 When courters hunger, in harde captiuitee.
 The pooze men beggeth, nothyng hurtynge his name,
 As touchyng courters, thei dare not begge for shame
 And an olde prouerbe is sayd, by men most sage,
 That oft yonge courters, be beggers in their age.
 Thus al those wretches, which doth the court frequēt
 Bring not to purpose, their myndes nor intent.
 But if their myndes, and wyll were faciate,
 They are not better, therby nor fortunate.
 Then all be fooles, coucludynge with this clause,
 Which with glad myndes, vse courtynge for such cause
 Cozidon.

Now truly Cornix, right plainly hast thou tolde,
 Of court and courters, the paynes many folde.
 And as I suppose, there can no more remayue,
 Thy wyf and counsell, hath ryd me fro great payne.

If I had plenty, of treasure and richesse,
I should ear I went, rewarde thy businesse.
But neade oft hurteth, good maners commendable,
Cornix.

What man wyll gladly geue, that is not able
But one habundyng, in treasure and rychesse,
Is ware in geuyng, oz yet to make promesse,
Thy wyll is ynough, lyth that thy store is thyn,
I aske of the fox, no farther then the skyn.
But long is to nyght, therfore I shall gladly,
Coridon.

What moze, yet declare, of courtly misery.
Thou hast tolde ynough, by all these crossesteyn,
Almast fox to choke, vpon a thousand men.
Cornix.

That I promysed, right, wolde I should fulfyll,
Yet moze shall I touche, if thou can holde the styll.
I sayde fyrst that come, but they be sownen thyn,
Resort vnto the court, there soules fox to wynn.
For with great Princes, whyle suche men remaine,
They thynke by counsell, by busynesse and payne,
Cheifly to labor, for the vtilite,
Of dyuers causes, touchyng the comentie.
Poore men suppoztynge, and chyldzen fatherlesse,
And helpynge wydowes, also in their distresse,
So muche moze weanyng, to please our Lorde therby
Bicause they contende, in payne and ieoperdy.
Of these must I cure, the myndes ignoraunt,
Which be moze fooles, then all the remenaunt.
All if they repute, them selfe neuer so sage,
Yet shall I proue them selfe, stuffed with dotage.
Coridon.

Declare that Cornix, that fayne wolde I heare:

We haue tyme ynough, yet doth the sonne appeare.

Corin.

Of this foresayd sort, scante any synde we shall:

But that requyret, some lucre temporall.

But neuerlesse, nowefeyne we such a one,

Whiche seeketh in court, for no promotion.

But onely intende, there soules for to wyn:

And as a champion, to fyght agaynst syn.

Shulde wyse men suppose, in court so to preyntle c

Loft is their labor, their study and trauayle.

Oz shulde a good man, which loueth honestie:

Put him in thraldome, oz in captiuitie.

Of Princes seruyce, his soule to wyn therby:

Say men what them lyst, m^r thinketh the contrary

For in court required, so many a syn and vice,

And so many wayes, from vertue to attyle.

And so many meanes, leadyng to viciousnesse:

That there may a man, scant byde in his goodnesse

For as a bad horse, resty and flingyng:

Oft casteth a man, though he be well sittyng.

In lyke maner wyse, man vnrightwyse:

Resortyng to court, descendeth vnto byce,

All if his reason, and wyll also deny,

In court, hath the fende, suche fraude and policy.

By meane that vices, haue there no punishment,

For lust and sufferaunce, make myndes insolent.

But synne, and synners, lye daily so in wayte,

Agaynst good lynyng, to lay their deadly bayte.

That the best lyuers, from way of grace beclayne:

By their occasion, impellie to ruyne.

He falleth in rockes, and peryll consequent,

By forse of tempest, and wyndes violent,

Coridon.

What, man in court, is neither rocke nor sande,
Diffusely thou speakest, and to vnderstande.

Corin.

I speake in parable, or by similitude,
Who not percepueth, his reason is but rude.
But mate Coridon, I tell the befoze,
That what I shall say, or yet haue close in store.
Of dyuers aucthozs, I learnyd of Codrus,
And he it learned, of Mepheard Siluius.
This Codrus sayed, that Plato the great sage,
Of Athenence court, aduerting the outrage.
Purposyng rather, to flie to solitude,
Then lyue in honour, among suche vices rude.
Then know well thy selfe, what so euer thou be,
Which to sue the court, hast thy felicitie.
And note if thy selfe, be better then Plato,
Note well the powze, if thou haue wyll also.
As well as Plato, yll custome to refrayne,
If thou so thynkest, thou thynkest thyng in bayne,
In court, must a man, sayle after euery wynde,
Him selfe conformyng, to euery mans mynde.
Serue euery season, couforme him to the tyme,
Be comon with mo, though it be in some cryme.
He must rule nature, and yet wot not whither,
After the season, now hyther, now thyther.
And in his maner, he must direct his lyfe,
With heuy persones, him must be shew pensyfe.
With men at layser, which wyll them recreate,
He must be ioconde, after their vse and rate.
With aged persones, he must him haue sadly:
With youth behaue him, ioconde and merely.
With auenturous men, which seke on crueltie,
He must shew him blood, and of audacitie.

With liuers beastly, insuyng carnall lust,
 Lyue lecherously, forsothe he nedes must.
 And who so refuseth, than is his nature wrong,
 He shall not in the court, ryle nor continue long.
 But Coridon, thou might object vnto me more,
 That the said Plato, which fled from court befoze.
 Came long whyle after, and was in the seruice,
 Of Dionisius, the Tyrant of Silyce.
 It is as thou saiest, but harken to the ende,
 This Tyrants vyce, whyle he dyd reprehende.
 All if the Tyrant count his name diuine,
 As vnder coloure, to folowe his doctryne.
 The cruell Tyrant, his malice to fulfill,
 Solde this same Plato, mawgre his mynde & wyl
 But thus entreated, was Plato not alone,
 The wyathe of prynces, proued haue many one.
 And namely of such, as wysest were ywys,
 As zenon murdered, by Tyrant Phalaris.
 His godly wysdome, nor honour of his age,
 Coude hym not socoure, so dyd the Tyrant rage.
 Arracconte, sometyme of Cypres kyng,
 Slewe Anaxagoras, for all his great connyng.
 And by commaundement of Theodoricus,
 Without all mercy, slayne was Boecius.
 Coridon.

These be farre matters, and thynges beary olde,
 Corin.

Euen such thei be, as Codrus to me tolde.
 And yet many mo, he counted to me plaine,
 Of worthy clerkes, whom fel prynces hath slayne.
 But all to recount, me thynke it is not best,
 That asketh lesse, the sonne is nere at rest.
 Scant tyme remaineth, to tell that is besyde.

Except we purpose, here all the nyght abyde.

Coridon.

CLate at our church ale, Syr Sampson to me tolde,
A tale of Moyles, and other Prophetes olde.
How the same Moyles, and many of lyke sort,
To prynces courtes, dyd oftentyme resorte.
He saied that Moyles, though he of tonge were rude,
Left his hole flocke, behynde in solytude.
And he with Aaron, togyther bothe dyd go,
On goddes message, vnto kyng Pharaο.
Also Syr Sampson, recounted vnto me,
A lyke narracion, of prophete Helyse,
But Cornix, my mynde is much obliuious,
And long hystories, to here be tedious.

Cornix.

The touchyng Moyles, and many prophetes mo,
I graunt, thei were wont to prynces for to go.
These men were godly, it folweth to saie,
That all men shulde haue, such priuilege as they.
These were messengers, of god of Israell,
And fynde can we not, that thei in court dyd dwel.
But whan thei had saied, goddes commaundement,
They left bothe court and princes in continent.
Joseph alonely, abode with Pharaο,
The ordinance of god, had erst disposed so.
To helpe his nacion, in tyme after to come,
By his prouision, and maruelous wysdome.
I graunt the also, Marzicius and Martyne,
Sebastian, George, and other men diuine.
Serned in court, and bled chivalry,
And neuerthelesse, they liued holely.
But this Marzicius, dyd christened become,
And with his legion, receaued martyrdom.

Lyke wyse saint George, and saynt Sebastian,
 Dispyrnyng ydolles, which courtes vled than.
 Suffred harde deathe, by manyfolde tourment,
 For loue and true faith of god omnipotent.
 But durynge the tyme, these dyd in the court remaine
 No names of saintes, men gaue to them sertayne.
 And holy Martyn, whan he was come to age,
 Gaue ouer the court, and fixed his courage.
 In goddes seruice, remainyng stedfastly,
 For he perceaued, and knewe right perfytely.
 That of pooze widowes, and chyl dren fatherlesse,
 The cause not entreth, into the court doublelesse.
 Their mattiers quealeth, for solde is all iustyce,
 And euery speche, of ribaudy and byce.
 Also in courtes, of mercy founde is nought,
 And of religion, no zeale if it were sought.
 Enuy posselleth the place of charitee,
 Only Ambition, hath there auctoritee.
 These vices to resyste, passeth humaine doctrine,
 Than they ouercome, except wisdom diuine.
 If god doo not socoure, it passeth mannes might,
 With such occasion, continually to fyght.
 This knew saint Martyn, by sight continuall,
 Yet nought him moued, by help celestiaall.
 And though he liued, in court right holely,
 He wolde no longer, insue that chivalry.
 For leaue example, to other men to come,
 To lyue, where reigneth no vertue nor wisdom.
 As whan it was asked, of Chyrlt our sauour,
 What shulde a man doo, of penaunce or labour.
 Or other dedes, to wynn eternall blysse,
 He bydde not a man, ren to the court whyllye.
 He saied not, go folow a pryncce, or lord or kyng,

But go sell thy richesse, and other worldly thyng.
Despyse all the worlde, and worldly vanitee,
For so haue I done, than come and folow me.
In this cause, our lord hath made no mencion,
Of folowynge the court, for bayne promocion.
Than let men take hede, though thei be vertuous.
Lest whyle thei folowe a thyng so perilous.
In court supposynge, their sowles for to wyne,
Lest there thei lose them, by fallynge into syn
For there be snares, and gyles infinite,
The fende is ready, occasion to excyte.
In euery corner, some enuy shalt thou mete,
And stomblynge stones, lye hyd befoze thy fete.
Full harde is it there, Ambicion to refraine,
Auaunce to flake, it is a great payne.
To tame enuy, and wyath to mitigate,
And in occasyon, vnclenlynnesse to hate.
Harde is it daily to be among these same,
And none of them all, thy pleasure to inflame.
But if there be any, which can his lust subdue,
Among all vyces, to kepe them in vertue.
As a precious stone, cleane in the middes of myre,
Or lye in flames, not greued with the fyre,
Or touche soft pytche, and not his fyngers fyle,
If such one be found, within a thousand myle,
I wyll not deny, but that he maie well sue,
After court, and folowe, not hurtynge his vertue.
So much more merite, shall such a man procure,
How much more he doeth, of ieopardy endure.
But this is my mynde, and sure opinion,
That such as resorte, vnto the court erhone.
Be rather overcome, by syn and viciousnesse,
Than they can vyces, banquyshe and repressse.

For man of his nature, is apte to synne and vice,
 And with great hardnesse, doeth vertue exercise,
 Example of chyliden, which if they haue their wyll,
 Be lesse disposed to goodnesse, then to yll.
 I heard Minalcas syng, this vnto his dzone,
 That scripture sayeth, that mankynde is not prone
 In youth and age, his pleasure to insue,
 In easie lustes, then hardnesse of vertue.
 Therfore I counsell, thy selfe, my Coridon,
 Amintas, Codrus, and shepherdes eche one.
 And all of other men, which wyll them saue fro hell,
 That none of them all, presume with court to mell.
 For there is the soule, in ieoperdye by cryme,
 And after lyfe is lost, by surfet or due tyme.
 For either must a man, vnto his Prince assent,
 Laugh at his vices, and with them content.
 Then lost is thy soule, els his fautes blame,
 Then shalt thou, his yre agaynst the inflame.
 As Cyrus, the kyng, sometyme of Peerylande,
 Had one Arpolus, cheife frende of a thousande.
 Bicause Arpolus, once blamed his offence,
 The wozathfull tyran, by mad malinolence:
 Caused Arpolus, vnwarely at a feast,
 To eat his Chylde, as they lyke meate were drest
 And thus Arpolus, to his Chyliden was a graue,
 For blamyng y prince, such reward maist thou haue.
 Right so Cambisus, in hasty furore flew,
 The son of his frende, which was to him most trewe
 Bicause that his frende, him blamed for dronkenesse
 Of suche examples, be many mo doubtlesse.

Coridon.

I haue hearde Codrus, oft tymes testifye,
 How Aristotle, Prince of Philosophy,

Sued the tentes, with laudes and honour :
Of Alexander, the mighty conquerour.
Coznr.

Thou lytell knowest, what caused him do sp:
Or if he freely, had libertie to go,
Truly I suppose, it was agaynst his harte :
And that he myght not, at lybertie departe.
But many other, right worthy hye honour;
Also insured, that mighty conquerour;
As Calistines, of hye distression :
And also Crito, which was his nurses son.
And bolde Lichimachus, folowed him in fyght :
Which was a Philosopher, a eke a worthy knyght.
And many mo els, that I can count or tell :
But heare Cozidon, what vnto these be fell.
For that Calistines, forbade men to honour :
Great Alexander, as god, of most valour :
After suche custome, as was in Persy lande,
Therefore had he cut, from body, foote and hande.
His nose and eares, of trenched were also,
His eyen out dygged, for to increase his wo.
Then, by commaundement of the conquerour,
Was thrust in to prisone, to hyde in more dolour.
Enduryng his lyfe, there euer to remaine:
But when Lichimachus, for to make Morte his payn,
Reched him popson, his cruell conquerour,
Made him be thzowen, to leons to deuour.
And at a banquet, as earst was touched playne,
By Alexander, was the sayde Crito clayne.
For blamyng of him, bicause that he dyd blame,
His fathers deades, Philipphus, by his name.
Therefore Cozidon, after my iudgement,
And as I beleue, thou wylt therto assent,

They all be fooles, which sue to court so soze :
 For all such causes, as touched are before .
 O to wyne soules, be there content to serue :
 Their owne soule puttyng , in daunger for to sterue
 For other do they eke . and hunt about in vayne :
 And their desyres . there shall they not obtayne ,
 O that thing they seke , which shal do them damage :
 Els be they thowen , in such a blynde dotage .
 That of two wayes , they chuse most ieoperdous :
 All full of thornes , and businesse perillous .
 All if they might well , to their desyre attayne :
 By way moze easye , moze short and voyde of payne
 Coridon .
 O merueilous matter , & well brought to an ende :
 I can not be able , thy reason to commende .
 For yet to the rewarde , the thyng that thou hast doue
 Though I had richesse , and wpt lyke Salomon .
 Thou hast me saued , by counsell sapient :
 Out of hell mouth , and many folde tourment .
 But now is it tyme , to draw to our cotage :
 The day is ended , right so is our language .
 C f i n i s .

Thus endeth the seconde Eglogue of
 the Misery of Courtes & Courters ,
 and here begynneth the thyrde
 and last Eglogue of the Mi-
 sery , and behauour of
 Courtes and
 Courters .

M. i. Coridon .

Cozidon.

After fore labor, sweete rest is delectable.
And after long night, day lpght is confortable
And many wordes, requyrez much dypnke,
The throte wel washed, then loue the eyen to wyne
This nyght with me, it proued other wyse,
I dranke to bedwarde, as is my comen gyle.
But suche rest had I, tyll it was on the morne,
As had my mother, the nyght that I was bozne.
Coznix.

Ad of that I meruayle, for thou art wont alway,
To sleape and to snozte, tyll tyme that it be day.
But how happened this, now tell me Cozidon,
That thou had this nyght, so fore veracion.

Cozidon.

Ad I was so drenched, with dreames a drad so fore,
I trow neuer man, was troubled so before.
He thought in the court, I taken was in trap,
And there fore handled, God geue it an yll hap.
He thought the scolpons, lyke fendes of their lookes,
Came some w whytles, some other w flesh hookes.
He thought that they stode, ech one about me thicke.
With knyues ready, for to fley me quicke.
So had I sleapyng, as moche of feare and drede,
As I shoulde wakyng, haue lost my skyn in dede.
With such a vision, I troubled was all nyght,
Wherfore I loyed, what tyme I saw day lpght.
For as soone as euer, I hearde the byrdes peepe.
For feare of dreames, no longer durst I sleepe.
But stert fro my bed, as lyghtly was I prest,
Almost as a byrde, out flyeng from her nest.
So cought I my make, my bottell and my hooke,
And forth with my flocke, anone my way I tooke.

But

But tell me Coznix, I pray the hartely.

What thyng, this my dreame, may note and signify
Coznix.

I dreade lest some one, fulfylled with yll wyll.

Had heard our talkyng, and it reported yll.

Which may be after, cause rather weepe then syng :

For yll wyll maketh, the worst of euery thyng.

But then doeth one thyng, well consozt me agayne :

Fyrst men are wont, of that to dreame certayne :

Wherwith their myndes, in walkyng troubled be :

All straw for dreames, they be but vanitie.

And as for me, I no man discommende,

If the scabbed claw, the treuthe shall me defende.

But how Cozidon, thy head is in thy lap;

What now, so early, begynnest thou to nap?

Cozidone.

Who hath not slepte, nor rested all the nyght,

Must slepe by day, els shall his brayne be lyght.

But Coznix, if thou lyst, me for to kepe and wake,

Talke of some mattiers, agayne for Goddes sake.

For so shall the tyme, ouerpasse with lytell payne,

God knoweth, when we shall meete after agayne.

Coznix.

I graunt Cozidone, for recreation :

Of court yet to haue, moze communicacion.

Cozidone.

All Misery of Court, thou hast all ready tolde,

Coznix.

May nay Cozidone, not by a thousande folde.

We shall haue matter, nere tyll this yeares ende,

To talke of courtes, if I myght it intende.

But this one day, of parte, well may we talke,

As for the other, I force not, let it walke.

Coridon.

Than syt downe Corinr, lean here againe this bāke
As for our talkyng, we get but littell thanke.

Corinr.

We get as much almost, as we deserue,
I loke for no thāk, nor meate, though I shuld sterue
In court, shall men fynde, yet many paynes mo,
Some shall I touche, let all the other go.
Because that of slepyng, was our fyrst communing,
Here now what paines, haue courters in slepyng.
They oftentyme slepe, full wretchedly in paine,
And lye all the night, forth in colde wyne and rain
Somtyme in bare straw, on bozdes, ground or stones,
Tyll bothe their sydes ake, and all their bones.
And whan that one syde aketh, and is wery,
Than tounre the other, lo here a remedy.
Or elles must he ryle. and walke hym selfe a space,
Tyll tyme his ioyntes, be settled in their place.
But if it fortune, thou lye within some towne,
In bedde of feathers, or els of easy downe.
Than make the ready, for flies, and for gnattes,
For lyle, for fleas, punaises, myle and rattes,
These shall with bytyng, with stynkyng dyn & sound,
Make þ worse easment, than if thou laie on ground.
And neuer in the court, shalt thou haue bedde alone,
Saue wh thou woldest, most gladly lye with one.
Thy metes shall be vncleane, ragged, and rent,
Lothely vnto syght, but lothlyer to sent.
In which some other, departed late before,
Of the pestilence, or of some other soze.
Such a bedfelowe, men shall to the assigne,
That it were better, to slepe among the swyne.
So fowle and scabed, of harde ppymples so thyn,

That

That a man might grate, hard cruſſes on his ſkyn,
 And all the night long, ſhall he his ſydes grate,
 Better lye on ground, than lye with ſuch a mate.
 One cougheth ſo faſte, another bzeth doeth ſtynke,
 That duryng y night, ſkāt maiest thou get a wynte
 Sometyme a leper, is ſigned to thy bed,
 Or with other ſoze, one greuouſly beſted.
 Sometyme thy bedfelowe, is colder than iſ yſe,
 To hym than he draweth, thy clothes with a tryſe.
 But if he be hote, by feuers than ſhall he,
 Caſt all the clothes, and couerlet on the.
 Other is thy felowe, alwaie to the greuouſ,
 Or els thou to hym, art alwaie tedious.
 And ſometyme theſe courters, then moze to encomber
 Slepe all in one chamber, nere twenty in numbze.
 Than it is great ſozow, for to abyde their ſhowt,
 Some fert, ſome ſlyngeth, and other ſnozt & rowt.
 Some boke, & ſome bable, ſome cometh dzonke to bed,
 Some bzaul, & ſome iangle, when thei be beaſtly fed
 Some laugh, & ſome crye, eche man wil haue his wil.
 Some ſpue, and ſome pſſe, not one of them is ſtyl.
 Neuer bethei ſtyll, tyll myddes of the night,
 And than ſome bzaueth, & for their beddes fight.
 And oft art thou ſigned, to lodge nere the ſtable,
 Than there ſhalt thou here, of raſcoldes a rable.
 Sometyme ſhalt thou here. how thei eche other ſmite
 The neyng of hozſes, and how eche other byte.
 Neuer ſhall thou know, thy lodgyng or thy neſt,
 Tyll aſl thy betters, beſetled and at reſt.
 In ynnes be ſtraungers, and geſtes many one,
 Of courters lyues, make there concluſion.
 And where thei be knownen, of neather man nor wyfe,
 Oft tymes courters, there ende their wytched lyfe.
 Than

Then shall the hosteler, be their executour,
 Or suche other ribaunde shall, that was his deuour.
 Makynge the tapster, come gay and feat,
 His shyrt, his doublet, or bonet to excheate.
 For flesh that he bought, and payed nought therfore,
 Then is the extreme, for he shall come no more:
 But a comen Inne, if that thou lodge or lye,
 Thou neuer canst lay by, thy geare so pruely:
 But either it is stolne, or chaunged with a thought,
 And for a good, thou hast a thyng of nought.
 For some errant theues, shall in thy chaumbre lye,
 And whyle thou slepest, they ryse shall pruely.
 All if thou thy pouche, vnder thy pillow lay,
 Some one crafty seacher, there at shall haue assay.
 Baundes and byrthels, and flatterynge tapsters.
 Juggelers and pyppers, and scurvy waserers.
 Flatterers, and hostelers, and other of this secte,
 Are busy in thy chambze, chattynge with none effecte,
 With bzaulyng, they entre, fyrst paieaunt of the play,
 That nought maist thou here, what wiser mē do say
 Such is their shontig, that scantly maist thou heare,
 The secreteselow, which by thy syde is neare.
 But rurall flymmers, and other of our sorte,
 Vnto thy lodgynge, or court when they resorte,
 They chat, they babyll, and all, but of the wombe,
 More pert & more penish, then thei wold be at home
 Though thou woldest slepe, induryng all the nyght,
 Some synge, some mourne, their lēman out of syght
 Some synge of Bessy, and some of Pan or Kate.
 Namely when licour, disturbed hath the pate.
 The byrotell boteman, and wretched labourer:
 Cesse not to synge, be vittayle neuer so dere,
 Who can with such, haue quyetnesse or rest.

But if thou with slepe, at last be opprest.
And that soze labours, to slepe the constrayne,
Rumour the rayseth, and wakened agayne.
On moornyng, when thou might slepe most quyetly,
Then must thou aryse, there is no remedy.
For what tyme thy Lorde, vnto his hors is prest,
Then ought no seruaunt, lye in his bed at rest.

Coridon.

Now Cornix I see, that with a braulpyng wyfe,
Better were to hyde. continnyng my lyfe.
And to heare chyldzen, cryng on euery syde,
Then thus in the court, this clamor to abyde.

Cornix.

No doubt Coridon, but heare moze misery,
Which in their lodgyng, haue courters commeny.
Men must wynn the Marshall, or els harbegere,
With pryce or wth prayer, els must thou stand arere.
And rewarde their knaues, must thou if thou be able,
For to assigne the, a lodgyng tolerable.
And though they promyse, yet shall thei nought fulfyl
But poynt the place. nothyng after thy wyll.
Either neare a pryncy, a stable or a synke,
For sent a for clamor, wher thou can haue no wynte
After thy rewarde, they shall the so manace,
That mauger thy teeth, thou must resigne thy place
And that to some one, which is thy enemy,
If they be pleased, there is no remedy.
But yet for certayne, it were thyng tollerable,
To becke, and to bow, to persones honozable.
As to the Marshall, or yet the Herbegece,
Or gentle persones, which vnto them be nere.
But this is a warke, a trouble and great payne,
Sometyme must thou stoupe, vnto a rude villayne.

Calling

Calling him maister, and oft clawe his hande,
All if thou woulde see him, wauer in a bande.
For if thou syt in court, thou must reward this table,
Cooke and scollions, and farmers of the stable.
Butlers and butchers, prouenders and bakers,
Porters and pollers, and specially false takers.
On these and all lyke, spare must thou none expence,
But mekely with meede, bye their beniuolence.
But namely of all, it is a greuous payne.
To abyde the porter, if he be a villayne.
How oftentymes, shall he the pates close,
Agaynst thy stomake, thy forehead or thy nose.
How oftentymes, when the one foote is in,
Shall he by malyce, out thrust the by thy chyn.
Sometyme his fader, sometyne his clubbysh fete.
Shall dzyue the backwarde, & turne the to þy strete
When he the seyth, comyng if he syt,
How often tymes, shall he the pates shyt.
For very pleasure, and ioy of thy comyng.
The pates be closed, lo here a pleasaunt thyng.
All if thou hast, well rewarded him befoze.
Withouth, thou standest, in rayne and tempest soze,
And in the meane tyme, a rascorde or villayne,
Shall laugh the to scozne, thou bathyng in þy rayn.
Sometyme the porter, his malyce shall excuse,
And say vnto the, thy labour to abuse.
That either is the Lorde, a slepe or in counsell,
Then lost is thy labour, mistpent is thy trauell.

Coridon.

Of our pooze houses, men sone may know the gyn,
So at our pleasure, we may go out and in.
If courtes be such, me thynketh without dout,
They best be at ease, which so remayne without.

For better be without, wette to the skyn with rayne.
Then euer in court, and lyue in endlesse payne.
For if hell pates, dyd not styll open gape,
Then wretched soules, gret tourment shuld escape
Right so, if the court were close continually,
Some men shulde escape, great payne and misery.
But Cornix, procede, tell on of courtiers care:

Cornix.

¶ Well sayde Coridon, God geue the well to fare,
Now woulde I speake, of paynes of the warre,
But that me thynketh, is best for to defarre.
For if thy Lorde, in battayle haue delyte,
To sue the warre, be paynes infinite.
For whyle he warreth, thou maist not abyde at home,
Thy lust to cherysh, and pleasure of thy wombe.
To sue an armie, then hast thou wretched payne,
Of colde or of heate, of thurst, hunger and rayne.
And mo other paynes, then I wpll specify,
For nought is in warfare, saue care and misery.
Murder, and mischeif, rappynes and cowardyse,
Or els crueltie, there reygneeth nought but vyce.
Which here to recount, were long and tedious,
And to our purpose, in parte contrarious.
Therefore let passe, the warres misery,
The dreadfull daungers, and wretched penury.
And of their Cities, talke we a woorde or twayne.
In which no man, can lyue auoyde of payne.
For whyther so euer, the court remoue or fflyt,
All the veracions, remoue alway with it,
If thou for solace, in to the towne resorte,
There shalt thou meete, of men, as bad a sorte.
Whith at thy clothyng, and the shall haue disdayne,
If thou be busy, the club shall doo the payne.

There be now customes, and actes in lyke wyse,
None maist thou scozne, nor none of them dyspyle.
Then must thou eche day, begynne to lyue on new,
And do as they do, be it false or trew.
As for in Cities, I wyll no more remayne,
But tourne my talkyng now to the Courte agayne.
After of this, we may haue communicacion,
Of Citizens, and of their veracion.
Whether that thy Lorde syt, or yet stande erect,
Styll mayst thou stande, or els halt thou be cheete
Thy head and legges, shall fynde no rest nor ease,
If thou in Courte, intende alway to please.
Oft must thou becke, styll stande, and euer bare,
To worsethen thy selfe, which is a payne and care.
What shall I commune, the pensyfenesse and payne,
Of Courters, or they, that wages can obtayne.
How much differyng, and how moche abatyng,
Must Courters suffre, and manifolde checkyng.
Neuer hast thou the whole, sometyme shall they abate
Or els shall the day, of payment be to late.
From Robert to Thon, sometyme they shall the sende,
And then none of bothe, to pay the, may intende.
From post vnto pyller, tolled shall thou be,
Scoined and blynded, with feaude and subtelte.
Some mayst thou beholde, sighyng for great sorow,
When he is appoynted, to come agayne to morow.
For many a morow, hath he ben serued so,
Another standeth, his harte replete with wo.
Countyng and tournyng, his grotes in his cap,
Prayng God to sende, the payre an euyl hap.
For wheré he rekened, for to receyue a pounce,
Scant hath he halfe, suche checkes be theee founde.
Neuer shall the Court, receyue whole salary,
Excepte that he rewarde, the payer pryncely.

Whan nede constraineth, somewhat to haue before,
He gladly receaueth, a dosen for a score.

Neuer canst thou make, the couenaunt so clere,
But that the paper, shall bryng the farre arere.

All if thou right well, thy couenaunt fulfyll,

It shall the paper, interprete at his wyll.

For all that blynde sort, are choked with auarice,
As cratchers of coyne, enseywng couetyse.

But somewhat to speake, of thynges necessary,
These doo all courters cares, multiply.

Now for onethyng, thei labour to obtayne,

Now for another, and often all in vayne.

And though their askyng, be neither right, nor iust,
yet neuer stynt thei, tyll thei haue had their lust.

But if it fortune, their praiser and their coste,

Be spent all in vayne, than is their reason losse.

Than lark they in corners, for a moneth or twayne,

For wo that their labour, and praiser was in vaine.

Some with their prynces, so standeth in fauour.

That thei maie auance their kynred to honour.

But than is their kynred, so bad of gouernance,

That all if thei maie, thei dare not them auance.

But how be it they durst, thei drede of worldly shame

Or punishment of god, or els their prynces blame.

Coridon.

Now doutlesse Cornix, that man is much vnwise,
which listeth fooles, vnworthy to offyce.

But oft tymes fauour, and carnall affeccion,

Abuseth the right, blyndyng discreffion.

Cornix.

If thou had mused a yere, for this one clause,

Thou could not a saied, more parfityly the cause.

Beside this Coridon, sewe by the lorde aboue,

Haue of these courtiers, true, sure, and perfit lone.
For Codrus tolde me, what writeth plocrate,
That all these prynces, and every great estate.
In louyng regarde, no vertue nor prudence,
None loue thei, but of some hasty violence.
Without supplement, without discrecion,
Such loue oft proueth, faint at conclusyon.
But if they loue any, they loue hym not as frend,
Betwene lyke & lyke, best frendshipp shal we fynde.
For truly great lordes, loue such men with delyte,
By them whan thei take, some pleasure or profyte.
As thei loue hoxes, dogges, and mo such,
What saied I: I lye, thei loue them not so much.
More loue thei a hoxe, or dogge, than a man,
Aske of Minalcas, the trowth declare he can.
For commonly as sone, as any man is deade,
Another is sone ready, for to fulfill his stede.
With mede, & with praiser, his place is derely bought,
So oft haue princes, their seruice clere for nought.
But than if it fortune, a dogge or hoxe to dye,
His place to fulfill, another must thei bye.
Yet littell haue I saied, worse in the court thei fare,
Not onely thy lord, shal for thy death nought care.
For thy long seruyce, oft shal he wishe the deade,
Such is in court, thy salarye and thy mede.
Other for thy seruice, long and continuall,
Thou hast of thy lord, receiued nought at all.
And whan thou art dead, with shorte conclusion,
Than quite is thy seruice, and obligacion.
And oft shal thy lord, sounde sweetely forth this A,
A that this man, so sone is gone awaie.
If he had liued longer, a small season,
I shulde haue put hym to great promocion.

Oz els if thy lozde, hath well rewarded the,
That thou hast liuelod, and rycheſſe in plenty.
Than if thou dye, beleue me for certayne,
He ſurely truſteth, for to haue all againe.
Scant any ryche man, by death hence now ſhall fare,
But that ſome great lozde, wil loke to be his heire.

Cozidon.

That is no leaſyng, but proued often true,
That cauſeth widowes, oft tymes, ſore to rue.
But this hath ben ſene for ſothe, and euer ſhall,
That the greater ſyſhe, deuoureth by the ſmall.

Coznix.

A right true example, mate Cozidon doubtleſſe,
So mighty rulers, the ſymple folke oppreſſe.
But what care in court is, now here me Cozidon,
Concernyng thy lozde, oz maiſters owne parſon.
If princes oz comons, thou ſyndeſt ſeldome tyme,
One perſyſtly good, and ſported with no tyme.
For all ſuch thynges, as ſeldome tyme befall,
Tully was wont, them monſtres for to call.
Than is a good man, more monſter in dede,
Than is a weather, hauyng a double head.
And in lyke wyſe, reherſeth Iuuenall,
That if a man wolde ſeke, ouer the worlde all.
So many good men, þnneith ſynde ſhall he,
As there be pates, in Thebes the citee.
That is to ſaie, vnder the cope of heauen,
Of parſite good men, ſcant ſhall a man ſynd ſeuē.
And holy ſcripture, yet ſpeaketh more ſtraightly,
As ſheapherd Dauid, doeth clerely teſſify.
He ſaied, our lozde, beholdyng on mankynde,
Coude ſkant one good, in all the worlde ſynde.
Scripture recozdeſh, ſuch cauſes many one,

That men be synners, and god is good alone.

Coridon.

What now mate Cornix, ah man god auow,
Thou hast in some friers besome, bene I trowe.
And spoyled some patche of his preachment,
Tolke of the court, saue this in stowe for lent.

Cornix.

So was my purpose, thou nedest not obiect,
Of our fyrst purpose, these wordes haue effect.
I tolde the befoze, by good auctoritee,
How bothe the poetes, and orators agree.
And holy scripture, that fewe men be parsite,
But bad in numbre, be truly infinite.
So if thy maister be bad, and wor thy blame,
Than art thou sorz, of his dishonest name.
Thy lordes vices, and liuyng neglygent,
Shall greue thy stomake, if thou be innocent.
It greueth the, if he be couetouse oz harde,
Because he disdaine thy labour to rewarde.
And for many thynges, sayle by his neglygence,
And fall to ruine, for sparyng of expence.
Agayne if thy lord, be free and liberall,
Alwaie thou fearest, lest other men hane all.
His prodygall hande, oft bereth sore thy harte,
Lest at the endyng, nought shall come to thy part.
And lest his treasure, in foly so he spende,
That nothyng remaine, to helpe hym at the ende.
But if he be geuen, to wrath and crueltee,
Thou fearest lest he rage, agayne thy kyn oz thee.
If he be meke, mylde, and sobze, thou art sorz,
For he not reuengeth, eche hurte and injury.
And if he be harde, than dreatest thou daungier,
When he procedeth, than standest thou atere.

If he be coward, then hast thou great enuy,
 Agaynst his foes, for they continually:
 Destroy his landes, and sore his landes distayne.
 When he for drede, dare nothyng doo agayne.
 If he be chattyng, and often be talkyng,
 Wel thou perceiuest, the while his tong is walkyng
 His priuey counsell, he often dothe detecte,
 And much he speaketh, which is of none effeete.
 If he be secrete, and still, as one in slepe,
 Thou sayest he doubteth, that none can counsel kepe
 And the suspecteth, as muche as other mo,
 Then art thou greued, and full of care and wo.
 If he loue wyues, and thou fearest dzonkenesse,
 If he hate wyues, and thou blamest his sadnesse.
 And to his body, thou countest him nygarde,
 Bicause he wold kepe, his housholde more harde.
 To Venus actes, if he to much apply,
 Thou sayest, he to many, dothe hurte and iniury.
 If he hate women, and flye their pleasure than,
 Both thou and other, reputest him no man.
 With few men, if he be familiaritie,
 Thou art displeased of them, if thou not be.
 If he be comen, to all indifferent,
 Then is thy mynde, in lykewyse discontent.
 Bicause he loueth, familiar to be,
 To euery person, as greatly as with the.
 But if that thy Prince be good, and thou be nought,
 Then art thou lykewyse, sore vexed in thy thought.
 Lest that he shortly, thy seruyce may dyspyle,
 Bicause he not lyueth, after thy leaude gyse.
 But if both be good, and of all vyces cleue,
 Which is a thyng, that seldome tyme is sene.
 Then mouest thou, for that he is not fortunate,

As he is ordeyned, and after his estate.
Thy harte and mynde, all thou to him inclyne,
That all his troubles, and payne shall be thyne,
For this without doubt, I tell the Cordon,
That no father, is so tender ouer his son.
As is a good seruant, diligent and true,
Unto a noble Prince, endued with vertue.
And all if good fortune, to him be fauourable,
Yet styll thou dzeadest, bicause it is vnstable,
This neuer shalt thou sleape, in peace and quietnesse,
But when thou wakest, thy rest is much lesse.

Cordon.

¶ Bicause thou recountest, of thy fidelitee,
Of maisters and men, which loueth honestee.
Now I remembre, the shepheard of the fen,
And what care for him, demeaned all his men.
And shepherde Moxton, when he durst not appere,
How his olde seruants, were carefull of their chere.
In payne and pleasure, they kepe fidelitee,
Tyll grace agayne, haue him auctoritee.
Then his olde fauour, dyd them agayne restore,
To greater pleasure, then they had payne before.
Though for a season, this shepheard bode a blast,
The greatest wyndes, yet flaketh at the last.
And at conclusion, he and his flocke certayne,
Eche true to other, dyd quietly remayne.
My hert sore mourneth, when I must specify,
Of the gentle Cocke, which sang comely.
He and his flocke, were lyke in vnioun,
Contopned in one, without discencion.
All the fayre Cockes, which in his dayes crew,
When death him touched, dyd his departyng rew.
The pety Palace, by him made in the fen,

The maydes, wydowes, the wyues and the men.
 With deadly dolour, were perced to the harte,
 When death constrained, this shepherde to departe
 Corne, grasse and felde, mourned for wo and payne,
 For oft his prayer, for them obtayned rayne.
 The pleasaunt floures, for wo faded eche one,
 When they perceyued, this shephearde dead & gone
 The okes, elmes, and euery sort of dere,
 Shronke vnder shadow, abat yng all their chere.
 The mighty walles, of Ely monastery,
 The stones, rockes, and towers semblably:
 The marbyll pillers, and ymages yche one,
 Sweet all for sorow, whē this good cock was gone.
 Though he of stature, were humble weake and leane:
 His mynde was hye, his liuyng pure and cleane.
 Where other fedeth, by beastly appetyte:
 On heuenly foode, was all his whole delyte.
 And shortly after, this Cocke was dead and gone:
 The shepheard Roger, coude not byde long a lone,
 But shortly after, false death stole him away,
 His worthy reporte, yet lyueth tyll this day.
 When shepe wer scabbed, this good shepherd was faine
 With easy salues, their soze to cure agayne.
 He nought pretended, nor shewed of rigour:
 Nor was no wolfe, poore lam bes to deuour.
 When bush or bryamble, ppled the shepes skyn:
 Then had he pitie, and kepte them close within.
 Or in new fleeces, dyd tenderly them lap.
 And with his skyrtes, dyd oftentymes them hap.
 When he departed, his flocke for wo was faynt,
 The foldes sounded, with dolour and complaynt.
 So that their clamor, and crye besprad the Ile,
 His death was mourned, from Ely forty myle.

These worthy heardeſ, and many other mo,
were with their wetters, in loue conioyned ſo.
That more they cured, by wytt and patience,
Then dyedefull Domo, can do with violence.
Therefore all heardeſ, vnto the wolde I throw,
Shulde laude their names, if vertue raygned now.
But ſyth that connyng, and vertue neare be gone,
Now be they lauded, for ſoth of few or none.
I let thy purpoſe, to make concluſion,
Vice liueth, vertue hath lyght obliuion.
But ſpeake on Cornix, yet is it long to nyght,
My mynde to diſcloſe, cauſeth my hart to be lyght.
Cornix.

C To laude theſe paſtoꝝ, wherfoze haſt thou deſyde,
Coridon.

All other ſhepheardeſ, to vertue to exalte.
Cornix.

Then be thy wordes, nothyng miſpent in vayne,
But now to courtes, wyll I retourne agayne.

And namely for thou, haſt ſpoken of connyng,
We lyſt a lytell to comune of that thyng.

It is to clerkes, great pleaſure certainly,

And recreation, to geue them to ſtudy.

And ſomeſynde pleaſure, and recreation.

In ſecrete ſtudy, and meditation.

To wyte and to reade, in places ſolitary,
Whole in the Muſes, his reaſon to apply.

To talke with Plato, with Cully or Virgill,
With Ariſtotele, to commune at his wyll.

And other famous doctoꝝ, many one,

Coridon.

What man, all theſe, long paſt, be dead and gone.
Who wolde with ſuche depute, commune or talke,

To go where thei bee, shall fynde a wery walke.

Coriir.

Though thei be dead, yet alyue is their name,
These lawdes honour, their hye repozte of fame.
So men deuise, to speake with them in dede,
As often as thei, their noble woꝝkes reade.
But as for courters, as well erly as late,
Be of this pleasure, playne vtterly pruate.
Though thei lyue ydle, their paynes infinite,
To godly woꝝkes, them graunteth no respyte.
Alwaie in clamoure remaine they, and in pzease,
And lewde acquaintance, wil them no tyme release.
But if that they chose, some season secretly,
To some good study, their myndes to apply.
To write or to rede, anone some wretche is fayne,
And glad them to bere, and to disturbe againe.
But if all other, be absent and at rest,
Than nere they: chābze, the kyche clerk is prest.
Janglyng his counters, chattyng hym selfe alone,
Thus seke all corners, quyet thou fyndest none.
So much on despyse, those noble oratours,
The famous poetes, and excellent doctours.
And lyue among the auoyde, of vertues all,
That rather a man rude beastes; maie them call.
Of great estates, there is a blynded sort,
Whiche cause their sonnes, vnto the court resort.
That they maie in court, them selfe daily frequent,
In learnyng vertue, and maners excellent.
But better might thei saie, to learne all malyce,
All cursed maners, and euery braunche of vyce.
As pryde, disdayne, enuy, and ribaudry,
So be good maners, infect with villany.
For surely in courtes, be men most vicious,

Supportyng byces, to vertue contrarious.
 Dishonest language, is counted most lawdable,
 One boasteth baudry, or glotony damnable.
 No man there vaunteth, him selfe of honesty,
 Of vertue, maners, of mercy, nor Wytee.
 But other he ioyeth, of his mischeuous lyfe,
 To haue despyled a virgyn, or a wyfe.
 Or els to haue slayne, his foe or ennemy,
 Or fraude committed, or crafty felony.
 Which cursed maners, youth soner doeth insue,
 Than godly liuyng, or maners of vertue.
 When youth in vices, hath fixed their cowrage,
 They by no meanes, shall leue the same in age.
 Nor thynke not in court, to fynde a yong strypelyng,
 Chast, sober, shamefast, or maners ensuyng.
 All sureth byces, all sue enozmitee,
 Such be the disciples, as their insourmers be.
 For true is the clause, rehersted of Terence,
 That youth inclineth, than namely to offence.
 When a lewde maister, hym mouest to enelyue,
 By yll example, to daunger and ruyne.
 For nature leadeth, to all enozmitee,
 When men so bseth, which be in dignitee.
 Youth thynketh lawfull, and but a iocundefyt,
 Such byce as elders, vse daily to comyt.
 And as yonge braunches, sone rotte & putrify,
 So youth corrupteth, by vices semblably.

Coridon.

Be all yonge galandes, of these abused sort,
 Which in yong age, vnto the court resort.

Cornix.

Who entreth the court, in yong and tender age,
 Are lightly blynded, with folie and outrage.

But such as entereth, of wylt and grauittee,
 Bowe not so soone, to such enozmittee.
 But oz they enter, if thei haue learned nought,
 Afterward is cunnynge, y^e lest part of their thought
 In court it is counted vyce, to haue science,
 And counted for rebuke, for to haue eloquence.
 Thus haue men connyng, great heaupnesse & payne,
 Beholdyng them selfe, in court had in disdayne.
 Their wyt despised, in meane tyme shall thei see,
 That greattest mattiers ruled, nay, marred be.
 Of such blynde fooles, as can not count nor tell,
 A score, saue twenty, yet most of all suche mell.
 But men vnlearned, of inwarde payne haue some,
 Whan they beholde, that to the court be come.
 Men groundly learned, in latyne commonyng,
 The other harken, and vnderstande nothyng.
 Than truely it is to them, a greuousse payne,
 But neuerthelesse, of them haue thei disdaine.
 But liuyng in court, and fleyng none offence,
 What shal I common, what grutch of conscience.
 Wereth the daily, right small is thy delyte,
 Whan troubled conscience, vnquietly doth the byte
 No payne is sozer, nor greuouser tourment,
 Than to remembre, and call to thyne intent.
 How many vyces, how great enozmittee,
 Hath the in thraldome, and in captiuittee.
 Thyne obone conscience, is styll w^{ith}in thy brest,
 As a tourmentour, depriuyng the of rest.
 With priuey scourges, and payne intollerable,
 Recountyng thy woorkes, and lyke abhominable.
 Thou maiest not auoyde, ne from this enemy flete,
 Flee where the liketh, he resteth in thy herte.
 This is of courters, the deadly tourmentour,

With desperation, them sekynge to deuour.
Sometyme their conscience, grutchèd is with gyle,
With theft, with murder, with lechery some while.
Though their owne cōsciēce thus turmēt thē w pain,
To the same offences, retourne thei yet againe.
Their cōsciēce grutchyng, to cause of grutch thei fall,
Thus styll them tourment, the furies infernall.
I meane remembraunce, of manyfolde offence,
Continuall tourment, by grutchè of conscience.
What shall I tell the payne of sodeyne feare,
Which doeth the myndes of courtiers, often deare.
Sometyme the lower, begrened with thretenyng,
And suffre paynes, whan they doo nothyng.
Sometyme whyle the court, is daunsyng in disport,
Or in other solace, their hartes to confort.
Anone cometh in, a soden messangere,
Affirmyng truely, some armed foes nere.
And that same army, is nere at hande doubtlesse,
Than tournerh solace, to wo and heauinesse.
And whyle some princes, for pleasure haue or hunt,
Such fearefull tidynge, to heare of thei are wont.

Coridon.

Such feare and dangier, doth happen commonly,
On all degrees, with sodein ieopardye.
For plowmen, sheapherdes, and citezyns also,
By warre, endureth great damage, losse and wo.

Cornix.

All other sortes, sometyme must stande a farre,
But courtiers must byde, all daunger of the warre.
Saue losse of goodes, for some haue nought to lose,
But this wyll I leaue, and turne to my purpose.
No gyftes is graunted of god, vnto mankynde,
Better than frendshyp, whan man it true may fynd.

But

But ouer all the Court, no man shall fynde noz see,
True, stedfast, frendship, noz parfyte amitee.
For syth all courtiers, for most parte blynded bee,
With vicious liuyng, and all enozmitee.
They haue no frendship, but conspiracion:
And to doo mischeif, confederacion.
For parfyte frendship is, when two men agree,
Or mo in woorkyng, some deade of honestee.
Some courtiers be founde, which seme ingenious.
Pregnant of reason, wyse, and labozious.
yet haue they but shadow, of vertue and goodnesse,
And not of vertues, the playne signes expresse.
Some seme liberall, but they insue rappyne,
Some seme very chaste, but they to pryde inclpne.
Some semeth humble, which vseth glotony,
And some familiar, which lyue in lechery.
In none maist thou see, one sparcke of vertue,
But twenty vices, shall that one gyfte insue.
In suche a meany, full of iniquitee,
Harde is to fynde, one woorthy amitee.
But if thou in court, some honest man awayte,
Then with great rulers, is he made in concepte.
If he from concept, and out of fauour bee,
Thou maist not with him, haue familiaritee.
Sometyme shalt thou see, suche drawn to tourment,
As be thy frendes, faultlesse and innocent,
And ofte thy enemy, in many a faulte culpable,
Thou shalt in the court, see hye and honozable.
To see thy good frende, by de death so wrongfully,
To sorow, and nought say, is a great payne truly.
But yet for thy lyfe, say nought, be pacient,
Not onely whysper, lest thou haue lyke tourment.
Conuersaunt must thou be, with suche to thy payne,
which

Which hath thy fader, or els thy bzother slayne.
 If thou be busy, or squaryng of language,
 Thou maist perauẽture, walke on the same passage
 And if thou in Court, to rycheſſe ſo aſcende,
 That thou maist receyue, men on the to attende.
 Some of thy ſeruauntes, ſhalt thou oft tyme beholde
 Leaudely diſpoſed, to byces many folde,
 Some ſhall be theues, ſome dzonkenner then ſwoyne,
 Some ſhall loue bzaulynge, or to lypng inclyne.
 Some ſlow, ſome glotons, ſome fall to ribaudry,
 A ſoutry, murder, with other villany.
 Some be forgetfull, ſome pearce, ſome inſolent,
 Some craſtleſſe fooles, ſome proude & negligent.
 If thou chaunge, ſuppoſyng, ſome better for to haue,
 Thou boydyſt a lubber, and haſt agayne, a knaue.
 And if thou haue one, with knauiſhneſſe infecte,
 Then all the other, ſhall folow the ſame ſecte.
 Agayne, if thy ſelfe, be pooze and a ſeruaunt,
 Thou ſhalt fynde thy maiſter, rude raſh & ignoraunt
 Alway complainyng, and neuer well content;
 Oft aſkyng ſeruyce, in payyng negligent.
 Of ſuche ſuperflue, haſty and rigorous,
 Enutous, dzonken, vnſtable and couetous.
 Thus ſeruaunt, maiſter, gentleman and villayne,
 Lyue all in Court, with miſery and payne.

Coridon.

How trewly Cornix, that is a wretched lyfe,
 Woyde of all pleasure, wrapp'd in payne & ſtryfe.
 Cornix.

Count all the townes, and officers eche one,
 And none ſhalt thou fynde, without veracion.
 What thyng they counſell, when Princes not agree,
 To their aduiſement, of moſt vtilitee.

What haue Chauncellours, of inwarde displeasour,
 Whē their letters writtē, to their Princes honour.
 For the Common Weale, and sure vtilitee,
 Can not passe forwarde, tyll they transposed bee.
 From good, to right nought, corrupte for correcte,
 What thynke controllers, whē they be daily checkt
 The rulers of court, Usher, and Seneschall;
 Treasurers, Clerkes, and euery Marshall.
 What payne haue these, eche one in his offyce,
 When often ribaudes, them sclaunder and dyspyle.
 Or some bely body, haupng but small inspyght,
 Controlle their countes, be they neuer so ryght.
 What payne haue chaplaynes, controlled in scrupce,
 And Whisicions, when some their actes dyspyle.
 What knyghtes trompetours, and souldiers comenly
 When Treasurers, their wages doth deny. (be se,
 What payne haue cokes, which scant may sethe their
 Withouth some rebuke, a checke or a represe.
 Coridon, in court, no rouse is, trust thou me,
 But that is wrapped, in great aduersitie.
 But breife to say all, and make conclusion,
 Right wysemen suffereth, great tribulacion.
 The heauenly pleasure, to purchase and obtayne,
 More suffereth courters, to purchase endlesse payne
 I mell not with them, which of necessitie,
 Agane their pleasure, must in the courtes be.
 As bely luters, to purchase Droit and ryght,
 Which wolde be thence, right gladly if thei myght.
 Coridon.

Beleue me Corin, thou turned hast my mynde.
 Farewell courtynge, a Dieu pleasure vnkynde.
 Thou playne hast proued, that all they fooles be,
 Which folow the court, sekynge captiuitie.

And might elles where, an honest lyfe purchase,
Hauyng suffisance, and moderate solace.

Coznic.

¶ Than let all shepherde, from hense to Salysbery,
With easy richesse lyue well, laughe and be mery.
Wyth vnder shadowes, small richesse hath most rest,
In greatest seas, most focest is tempest.

The court is nought els, but a tempestous see,
Auopde the rockes, be ruled after me.

There is moze daunger, than is vpon the londe,
As swalowes, rockes, tempest, and quicke sonde.

Here maydes syngyng, abusyng with their song,
Caribdis, Sylla, and sandy bankes long.

In it be cliffes of hardest Adamant,
To syn excit yng, pong fooles ignorant.

What shepherde, loueth pease and tranquillitee,
Or rest requireth, to lyue in vnitee.

Sweete pease of hert, who ener doeth requyre,
Or helth of his soule, if any man desyre.

Flee from the court, flee from the court I crye,
Flee proude beggery, and solenne misery.

For ther is no rest, nor godly exercyse,
No lone of vertue, but vse of euery vyce.

As auaryce, lust, and beastly glotony,
Cruelte, malyce, ambicion, and enuy.

But namely Venus, or lust venerall,
To hye vyle actes, plainly subdueth all.

Upon which vyces, who fixeth his entent,
Hym selfe to defende, hath he no argument.

But that of all men, wyse, honest, and laudable,
He shall be conuict, of liuyng reprouable.

A naturall foole, of reason dull and rude,
Proface Cozidon, Thus doo I here conclude.

Cozidon.

Conclude mote thy lyfe, in blessed state of grace,
Wyne owne hert Coznix, for this thy good solace.
But hast thou touched, all hole and partly,
Of court, and courtiers, the payne and misery.

Coznix.

Chay nay Cozidon, I tolde the so before,
Much haue I tolde, behynde is much more.
Their inwarde crimes, and byce abhominable,
Their outwarde ragyng, in synnes detestable.
Their theft and fraudes, and their extorcion,
And of mislyuers, their supportacion.
Their daily murder, and forsyng of women,
Fraudyng of virgins, pylllyng of symple men.
Auourry, incest, and fornicacion,
And of good virgins, the deflozacion.
These and such lyke, dare I not plainly touche,
For all these crosses, and siluer in my pouche.

Cozidon.

Chan haste we hence, the sonne is nere at rest,

Coznix.

CTake by thy baggage my mate, that now is best
Cozidon.

But tell me Coznix, one thyng or we departe,
On what maner lyfe, is best to set my harte.
In court is combraunce, care payne and misery,
And here is enuy, yll wyll, and penury.

Coznix.

Suffrance ouercometh, all nialyce at the last,
Weake is that tree, whiche can not abyde a blast.
But here now my counsell, I bydde the finally,
Lye styll a shepherde, for plainly so will I.

P.ii.

Cozidon.

Cozidon.

That I shall Coznix, thy good countell fullfyll,
To dye a Shepherde, establed is my wpll.

Coznix.

So doo, or after thou often shall repent,
Poore lyfe is surest, the court is but tourment.

Cozidon.

A dieu sweete Coznix, departyng is a payne,
But myrth reneweth, when louers meete agayne.

Finis.

Thus endeth the thyrde and last Eglogue
of the Misery of Courte and Courtiers,
Composed by Alexander Bar-
clay preest, in his
youth.

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